

Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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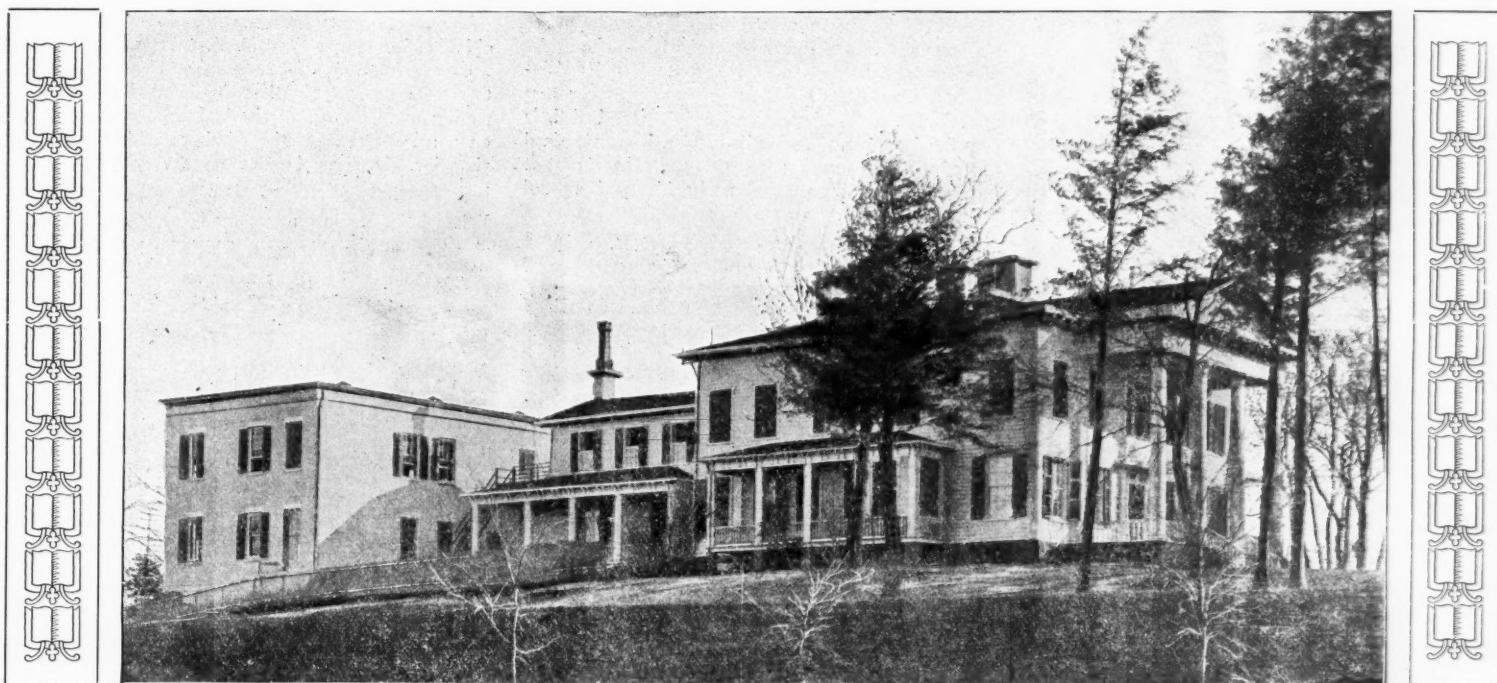
TRENTON, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1913.

5 CENTS A COPY

FANWOOD REMINISCENCES

BY WESTON JENKINS, M. A.

(Extract from an Address delivered at the December Meeting of the Ala. G. C. A. A.)



THE OLD MANSION HOUSE FROM WHICH THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF WAS NICKNAMED "FANWOOD."

CAME to the New York Institution for the Deaf as a teacher in the early days of the administration of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, who succeeded his father, Dr. Harvey P. Peet, as Principal. The elder Peet was then living on the grounds of the Institution, in the old mansion of the Monroe estate with the title of Principal Emeritus. He was, even in his seventies, a striking and noble figure—tall, of a well-proportioned and athletic frame, with regular and aquiline features, a brilliant eye and abundant snowy hair, with grace and dignity in all his movements; in short, he looked a born leader of men. He visited Washington in the late sixties and attracted much attention there, being mistaken for Gen. Lee, whom he strongly resembled. He was an able administrator, and drew to his school many men of marked ability, who afterwards became eminent in wider fields of work. Among these were President Barnard of Columbia and Rev. Dr. Storrs, one of the most successful preachers of his generation. In later years, Dr. Warring Wilkinson, for many years Principal of the California Institution, and Dr. E. A. Fay, now of Gallaudet, were valued members of his teaching staff. The "beloved apostle" to the deaf, Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, began his work for them as a teacher under Dr. H. P. Peet.

Like most of the old Puritan breed, the elder Peet was a strict—even severe disciplinarian, but he was by no means destitute of kindness.

In his dealings with women and with little children

he was gentle and patient, but the unruly and forward boy fared hardly at his hands.

His son, Dr. Lewis Peet as he was generally called, was in many ways a complete contrast to his father.

In person he was rather short and stout, his expression, though intellectual, was genial rather than commanding, and his ability—which was decidedly high—lay rather in the literary and educational than in the executive line. He was, I think, the finest sign-maker I ever saw. His motions were as graceful as those of a dancer, though swift, yet never hurried, and always crystal-clear in expressing thought. He was the only man I ever have seen translate easily and accurately, into English which might serve as a model of style, any sign-talk, however rapid, provided only it had a coherent meaning.

As a teacher his success in interesting and drawing out of his pupils was remarkable, especially in the line of writing and of appreciating good English. Among those whom he taught I may mention Miss Ida Montgomery, Mr. D. R. Tillinghast, Mrs. Peet who, as Miss Mary Toles, studied under him,—and I have in mind many others who under his training acquired a grace of style and a love of the best reading, which is rare even among the graduates of our best schools and colleges.

Among my associates in the teaching force at Fanwood were Dr. F. D. Clarke, Dr. E. H. Currier, Dr. Z. F. Westervelt, the late E. B. Nelson, whose names, in connection with the principalship of prominent institutions are familiar to all. Rev. H. W.

Syle, the first rector of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, was another of my contemporaries—in scholarship and literary ability by far the first among all the deaf persons I have known. Deaf from the age of four, he had already got such a mastery of spoken and of printed English that his deafness was, in his education, only an inconvenience, not an intellectual obstacle. He studied at Cambridge University, then after a year or two of teaching at Fanwood took the whole four-year examinations at Yale and won his diploma with high honor. He became a chemist at the Philadelphia Mint, and while there took up the regular course of a theological student, working by himself in his spare hours. When prepared for the ministry in the Episcopal Church, he applied for ordination, but the application was opposed by a learned bishop who held that church authority forbade that a deaf man should enter the priesthood. Mr. Syle thereupon submitted to the House of Bishops a written argument so learned and so well-reasoned that it overcame all opposition and opened the door to all the deaf men who have since become clergymen in the Episcopal Church. For several years he worked devotedly for his deaf flock and his premature death was caused directly by his devotion to his pastoral duty to the neglect of his own health.

Mr. F. A. Rising, who was teaching the High Class when I came to Fanwood, was afterwards for a few years Principal of the Institution for Improved Instruction, and, resigning there, became a

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prosperous banker in Minnesota. Mr. O. D. Cooke, who succeeded Mr. Rising as a teacher of the High Class, was a man of marked ability, as a teacher, a lawyer and a soldier in the Confederate army, but by a succession of strokes of ill-luck, was always checked just as he was beginning to attain success.

His old pupils always speak of him in a way that shows he made a deep impression on their minds.

As a teacher at Fanwood, I was fortunate in having a number of pupils who have done excellent work in after life, and though I may claim little or no credit for their success, I am honored by having their friendship. Mr. G. S. Porter is known to us all by his creation of the *SILENT WORKER*. The work of Mrs. Porter (Miss Frances Hawkins) is known to fewer persons, but I think she has succeeded better than any other teacher I know in adapting the principles of the Kindergarten to the peculiar conditions of the deaf child. Mr. A. L. Pach's literary and business ability we all know. The late R. B. Lloyd of the New York and New Jersey Schools has left an honored memory. Miss M. L. Barrager, now, as always, of Fanwood, has done work with the deaf-blind which will bear comparison with any that has ever been done anywhere. Mr. J. H. Eddy, late of Rome now of Arkansas, Mrs. Coleman (Miss Georgie Decker) of South Carolina as teachers, Mr. J. F. Donnelly of the *Catholic World* and Mr. J. F. O'Brien of *Ephpheta*, have done well in their respective lines of works. At the time I speak of, the deaf teachers at Fanwood formed a little circle of unusual social charm, meeting in the parlor of the principal's wife—a woman whose attractiveness of manner and of conversation made her sought by the leading artists and literary men of the city—this group included Miss Ida Montgomery, Miss Bella Ransom (now Mrs. Carroll), Miss Isabel Vandewater (now Mrs. Weston Jenkins) Mr. R. B. Lloyd, Mr. T. H. Jewell and Miss Annie Wager who became his wife, and Mr. H. W. Syle.

To those who have known these ladies and gentlemen it will not be necessary to say how much scholarship and wit and thought and grace of expression came out in the course of an evening's conversation.

Fanwood, in that day as in this, had many distinguished visitors, among whom in order of rank the first would be H. R. H. the prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII,—a fair-haired, blue-eyed, pleasant but dignified youth he seemed to be, leaving there as everywhere, an agreeable impression. Dom Pedro, the "learned Emperor" of Brazil, paid a flying visit to the school when in New York in the Spring of 1876, but as he appeared at the rather unusual hour of 6:30 A.M., and staid only about half an hour, I didn't see him.

My recollection is that a messenger was sent post haste (that was before the day of telephones) to rouse the nearest member of the Board to come and extend an official welcome.

Indian chiefs, in blanket and feathers, used occasionally to appear as visitors.

Once, a delegation of them being seated on the platform and one of the Directors being in the midst of an address to the pupils, interpreted by the Principal, it was found that no one was paying any attention to the speaker, but all the children had their eyes fixed on one of the Indians who, having noticed one of the pupils saying something in signs, had got into an animated conversation with him with mutual intelligibility and pleasure.

I remember interesting conversations with a Parsi merchant and a Bengali pundit or scholar, from India.

Military and naval heroes were frequent guests. I remember after we had seen Gen. Sherman, I asked my pupils to give their impressions of him. One of them wrote: "Gen. Sherman is a great blockhead." He explained his meaning; that the general's forehead bulged out like a block.

There were many interesting associations connected with the old "Mansion House" built by the former owner of the estate, Col. Monroe, a cousin of the fifth President of the United States. His daughter Frances, from whose name was derived the name (Fanwood) of the home, married Mr. Douglas Robinson, of New York. It seems that there was a wealthy, eccentric aunt—like the fairy godmother in the old nursery stories—capable of great generosity but of somewhat uncertain disposition. Cards for Miss Fanny's wedding were duly sent but no word was received from her. On the day of the wedding, just as the bride and groom were taking their places for the ceremony, a coach and four dashed up and the fairy godmother alighted and entered the room, sumptuously arrayed in the richest fabrics and newest styles of forty years before, dragging along the floor by a heavy silken rope a bag stuffed with gold coins as her wedding present.

A son of this marriage, also named Douglas Robinson—married a sister of ex-President Roosevelt.

Not many years ago when it was decided that the old Mansion House must be torn down, Mrs. Fanny Monroe Robinson, then a very old lady, came up to see for the last time her childhood's home. Happening to mention that she had once cut her name on a pane of one of the windows with a diamond ring, Dr. Currier pointed out the very glass, which had fortunately escaped damage all these years. When Mrs. Robinson was ready to leave, Dr. Currier handed her this pane, which he had had taken out and neatly boxed as a souvenir.

So I might go on I don't know how long. But this paper is too long already. I only hope I have shown reason why those who, as pupils or as teachers, shared those good old times at Fanwood look back to them with grateful pleasure.

"What it Means to be a Dramatic Reader."

By LOUIS A. COHEN

WAY out in the "Windy" east, "Wild and Wooly" west, "Sunny" south and "Breezy" north my numerous friends have asked me how I deliver a dramatic reading. I will do my best to satisfy their curiosity in this article, though the task is not an easy one.

Let me begin with a few preliminary considerations. People go to a theatre and when the curtain is "rung up" they see the various actors, each developing their characters in the play and remaining until the close of curtain. Thus they get a complete impression of the actors and actresses and at the same time understand the play. To me, personally, the acting of a single character is easy, but when it comes to delivering a dramatic reading, interpreting the various characters alone, including the female character, at the same time delivering them in signs, and memorizing the particular parts of the play, it is a task that is exceedingly difficult.

Before delivering a dramatic reading I have to make an intimate study of the various characters which I am to portray before the audience. I have to penetrate the mental atmosphere and physical peculiarities and must study the manner of acting. I always make it a rule, to forget my own self, for example—when I pose as Othello, I am portraying the Moor. I am assuming his personality for the time being and so on with the other characters.

To give each different characters a distinct personality when delivering a dramatic reading means to possess the ability of a well-schooled actor, one who is well versed in the various branches of dramatic arts. I always make it a point not to become

on the stage. Such parts do not always require much originality but the use of facial expressions to express the underlying motives, which must be clear—in this the work of the artist is truly shown.

The next important thing is to use signs as clear as possible. Each sign must be sharply defined so as to maintain the interest of the audience. Every movement must be carefully portrayed otherwise it may be overdrawn or become a burlesque. The expression of the face, the gestures of the arms and hands, the attitude of the body must portray the emotions as plainly to the eyes as vocal expressions portray them to the ear. This requires dramatic education, and calls for studies from life together with the possession of clear imagination.

When I am asked to give a reading in Shakespeare and produce it into dramatic form, it is indeed a very difficult matter to handle. To successfully portray Shakespeare's plays depends largely upon the talent of the reader, coupled with hard and energetic work. To understand Shakespeare one must have a keen intellectual grasp of the "insides" of the roles of different characters, and not one piece of these characters is easy to achieve. But it is something worth while. At first I found it irksome and arduous but the desire to do something for the welfare of the deaf encouraged me and enabled me to overcome the difficulties.

In addition to the things mentioned above—if one would be a successful dramatic reader, it is necessary to be a playwright,—to have a mastery of the stage art, the possession of inventive faculties, master of the sign-language, and executive ability before he becomes what we would call a *dramatic reader*. Hence it is that so few have already made a success of this difficult art.



LOUIS A. COHEN.

familiar with all the other characters *alone* but to understand as thoroughly as possible the motives underlying the actions of the so-called characters, and so I picture them as they would be produced

A DEAF ENTOMOLOGIST

BY E. F. L.

BESIDES being the sixth city in size in the United States and the Convention city of the National Association of the Deaf for the coming summer, the city of Cleveland has the only deaf entomologist in the world. This is Charles R. Neillie who is employed as city entomologist in the Forestry Division of the Department of Public Service. In plain words he is a "tree doctor" in the service of the city for its park and street trees.

His duties in that capacity are to look after all insect blights affecting the trees and solve all problems arising therefrom. In carrying on this he directs the work of three or four spraying gangs, condemns trees when and wherever necessary, or acts as doctor and surgeon to save them if possible, and conducts all experiments, for the well being of the city trees besides overseeing sixty acres of orchards belonging to the city institutions. He showed such good results with these orchards that the city readily adopted his suggestion to plant two hundred acres of new orchard which would make the city infirmary almost wholly self-supporting.

In order to get around and attend to his duties as "tree doctor" covering such a wide extent of territory, Mr. Neillie found the need of a bicycle imperative and built himself a motorcycle. It took five months of his spare time evenings and holidays to build that motorcycle which lasted four years and then the appreciative city furnished him with a new one.

Mr. Neillie's career is that of a *self made* man and the story of his overcoming handicaps that would have discouraged many men of less grit is most interesting. He was born near the smoky atmosphere of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on the twenty-second of February, 1870, and when he was seven years old the family was broken up and scattered after the death of his mother. He entered the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf when ten years old. During the summers he worked in coal mines and glass factories and so early in life learned to work and become self supporting.

At the age of sixteen he entered Gallaudet college with the class of '91, as the first student sent there from the Western Pennsylvania School. Three years only were spent there because the orphaned boy's means of support were limited and he had to get out and hustle for himself, and besides his health had been undermined by hardships in childhood. Those who remember him as a student say he was a quiet lad, not over-fond of study but bright and capable of more than appeared on the surface. He preferred investigating on his own hook to stuffing book knowledge into his head and developed a penchant for mechanics, pets and botany. Instead of seeking glory on the athletic field he spent much of his spare time at the U. S. Navy Yard's machine shops, and the Zoological and Botanical gardens of Washington City. During one year he kept a small flock of carrier pigeons over in Mr. Ballard's barn and spent much time studying their habits and whispering the secrets of his ambitions into their ears. Most of his evenings were occupied in making electric dynamos and motors (small working models,) aquariums, alarm clocks for the deaf, and other things to indulge his mechanical bent. It is suspected that the cabinet of old patent models in Prof. Chickering's class room furnished occasional material for these contrivances.

Leaving college Mr. Neillie went to Colorado for his health and while there he worked in a silver mine for a year and a half. Then the doctor told him he had better "go home and die among his friends" as he would not live over six months at the most. Accordingly he came east, expecting to be buried besides the grave of his mother in Pittsburg. Meanwhile he took up the trade of wood-working by machinery in which he had had previous

experience, and instead of making his own coffin, kept at work for seven years so busily that he could not find time to die, and then had forgotten all about it.

One of Mr. Neillie's traits is, or rather was in his callow youth, bashfulness and during this period it showed itself to a marked degree. According to the story told to substantiate this statement, Neillie was engaged to a girl for six years, but

living on \$1.35 a day at other work, an influential friend offered him a job in the Park Department of the city, either as a rod and chainman in the Engineer's Department or as a gardener in the city Greenhouse. Mr. Neillie chose the latter altho it paid less than the other because it was more congenial to his tastes.

Here his old love for botany came into practical use and he began to study Forestry and Horticulture in earnest. Later he was promoted from time to time until now he is City Entomologist and well liked by every one who appreciates an earnest worker. That the city officials appreciate him is illustrated by a story told by one of the city papers as follows:

"Martin B. Daly, 13315 Euclid Avenue, is the man who 12 times a year does not forget to mail Mr. C. P. a fat gas bill."

"Once while autoing he met Charles Neillie, city entomologist, who was spraying Euclid Ave. trees. Neillie burns coal. Neillie accidentally turned the spray toward the gas company president, soused him with paris green and water.

"Daly stopped, talked, fumed and fussed, but Neillie went on about his work.

"Daly mentioned the spraying to Mayor Baker Wednesday.

"Neillie is the most efficient employee we have," said the mayor. "But as he is deaf and dumb he doubtless didn't pay any attention to you."

In his own quiet way Neillie can effectually sit down on any "smart Alec" with such as the deaf are always meeting among hearing people. One of the city papers told another story of Neillie which shows his capacity to give the "retort courteous":

"If you don't care to insult a deaf man who is incapable of verbal communication, don't ask him if he also is dumb. A misguided person asked the question of Charles R. Neillie, city entomologist, in the department of forestry. Neillie flushed. Then taking his pencil, he wrote rapidly in a round hand: 'Consult your dictionary and understand what the word dumb means. It signifies one who is incapable of expressing thought. Am I dumb?'"

"The inquisitor faded away."

In directing the men at work there seems to be no difficulty for Mr. Neillie in spite of his deafness. He has had men of all nationalities except the Chinese under his direction and gets along either by speech or signs, or by a combination of both. Where speech fails signs always succeed especially with the foreign element. In time signs will surely come to be recognized as the Volapuk of the whole world.

Mr. Neillie often gets calls from other cities or localities for consultation work on farms or city parks and in giving instructions to owners of private estates. Both he and his wife are great exponents of the "back to the soil" movement and expect in the near future to begin acquiring a farm of their own and develop it into a fruit farm with bees and chickens as a helpful addition.

Mr. Neillie declares that the modern agricultural field is so new yet and trained men so rare, with so many private estates demanding trained workers in all lines of agriculture that a course in an agricultural college can never be time wasted as fitting one with a future means of livelihood in agricultural work.

Mr. and Mrs. Neillie have been married now sixteen years and have four fine, handsome boys. Last spring they bought an automobile and in September took their long delayed honeymoon trip in it clear to Washington, D. C., and back, taking some 120 pictures enroute. The trip was so enjoyable that they are talking of going to the Panama Exposition in 1915 by auto and enjoying all the grand scenery along the way.

E. F. L.

There is no spot on earth which may not be made more beautiful by the help of trees and flowers.—*Holmes*.



THE NEILLIE BOYS

Clarence, 15 years old.
Edison, 11 years old.
Elmer, 5 years old.
Franklin, 3 years old.

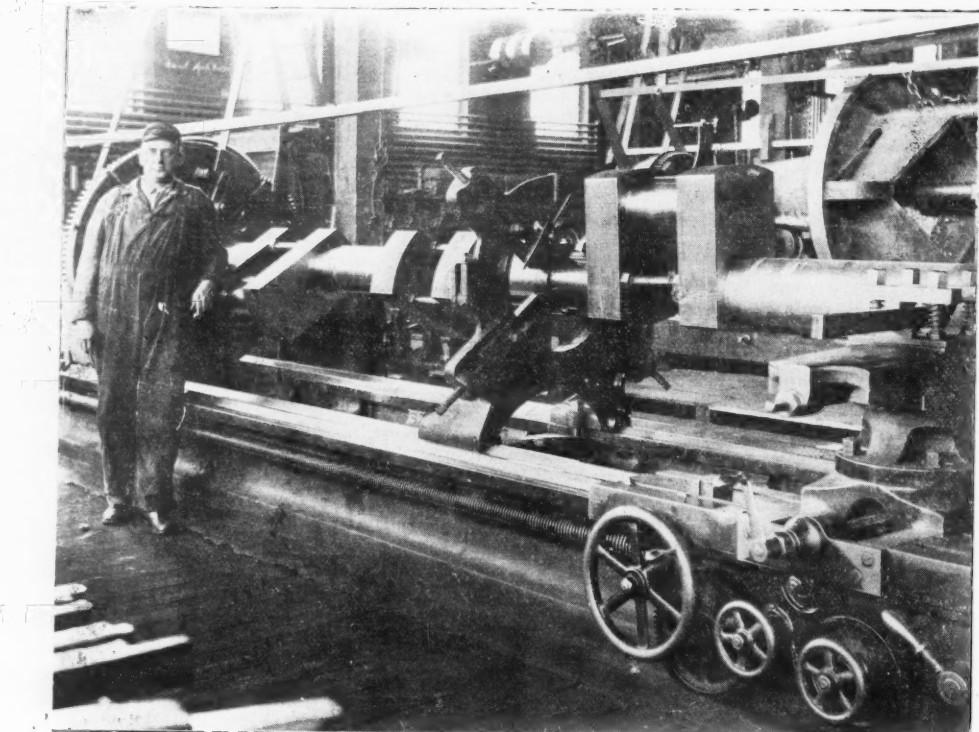
AN EXPERT DEAF - MUTE MACHINIST



JESSE KENYON

HE SILENT WORKER has from time to time published articles illustrating what deaf men are able to do in the mechanical arts. In the present number we give the photograph of Mr. Jesse Kenyon, of Baldwinsville, N. Y., an expert machinist, and also a picture of the giant lathe which he operates.

Mr. Kenyon was born in 1869 in the village of Lee Center, N. Y. He lost his hearing in infancy and received his education at the Rome school, graduating in 1888. He learned no trade at school, but having a marked taste for machinery upon graduating he began a regular apprenticeship to the machinist's trade in the well known Ames Iron Works at Oswego. After becoming a journeyman he spent a short time in Pittsburgh, Pa., but finding that the climate did not agree with him, he came to Baldwinsville, where for the past fourteen years he has been one of the most valued employees of the Morris Machine Works. This company makes a specialty of triple and quadruple expansion engines of all kinds and sizes, and Mr. Kenyon is largely engaged in the turning of crank-shafts for these engines.



THE GIANT LATHE WHICH MR. KENYON OPERATES

The lathe illustrated is one of the largest in this part of the state. It will handle a three ton casting twenty feet long. In the illustration it is shown in the operation of turning a massive shaft for a triple expansion engine. The forgings are received from Pennsylvania in the rough and are shaped by Mr. Kenyon to the dimensions indicated on the blue prints from the designing room. The work requires the highest degree of accuracy and a very slight error may ruin several thousand dollars of material. To say that the great machine is entirely in Mr. Kenyon's charge is sufficient evidence that his mechanical skill is appreciated by his employers.

There is one fact in connection with Mr. Kenyon's success that deserve to be emphasized for the benefit of our young men. He served a long and hard apprenticeship, in which he mastered every detail of

his trade, before he qualified for his present position. That meant several years of hard work at only moderate wages, but he is now amply repaid for his early sacrifices. Most of our young men are so eager to earn comparatively large wages from the start that they rebel at serving an apprenticeship to a trade, with the result that the progress of years bring to them no advancement, but rather the reverse. Examples like that of Mr. Kenyon deserve to be kept before the eyes of our young men.

Mr. Kenyon is unmarried. He is a motor boat enthusiast and his boat is equipped with a gasoline engine built by himself. He owns a large and attractive boat house on the Clyde river, the upper portion of which is used as a club house by the local boat club.

"ME LOVE JESUS"

ANOTHER instance in which a deaf and unlettered Indian showed the power and leading of the Holy Spirit made a vivid and lasting impression on "Haden Wilson: Missionary." The name of the Indian was Miller. He was forty years of age. His lot had been a hard one, resulting largely from the loss of hearing in childhood. Although he still, to a limited degree, retained and used his voice, his manner of communication was generally by physical signs, but he had learned partly to interpret the speech of others by the movement of their lips. In this he sometimes surprised his associates by his accurate interpretations. Miller had no knowledge of books, having never learned to read. At the time the missionary first visited Modoc he was living with a family whose home was not more than a mile from the schoolhouse, earning his board and a small payment of money by aiding in the numerous duties incident to farm life. The family was kind to him and he generally came with them to the services at the schoolhouse. He always took a seat near the missionary and appeared to be as deeply interested in every phase of the service as if he could hear and understand all

that was said. The missionary noted this interest and often showed his appreciation of Miller's presence by some mark of kindness. At one time the missionary mentioned the manifest interest of the Indian to Mr. and Mrs. Jones, in whose home he was staying. They, too, had observed it. As a further evidence of his interest, Mrs. Jones mentioned the fact that he was always anxious to get the family started to the services. That they might do so he often assisted by doing an extra amount of chores about the place. But the fact that he could not read and was also deaf had led the parties to conclude that his interest was prompted by the social features which the meeting afforded, and with this conclusion the matter was dismissed.

One evening, during the second week of the meetings, the missionary took supper with the family in whose home Miller was staying. As his custom was, Haden Wilson left near sundown to walk alone to the schoolhouse. The best and nearest way to reach this was a foot-path which led across the prairie through a pasture. The sun had just set—the golden west had never appeared more glorious. As the twilight gathered over the prairie the missionary hurried along the path, deeply absorbed in

his plans for the service. Looking ahead, he was surprised to see, at some distance beyond, his Indian friend Miller.

He was standing in the path with his face turned to the west, apparently contemplating its glory and beauty. While the missionary knew that the person in the path before him was Miller, yet his appearance was so strange and unusual the young man stopped short to contemplate his striking figure. The lone Indian, as he stood like a statue gazing into the golden west, brought back to the missionary the memory of his boyhood days when he had committed to memory and declaimed in the little country school, "The Lone Indian—His last Appeal to the White Man." But to pause and rush back over the past years, to days free from care, was only for a moment. That which tempted his imagination was a subject for artists and poets and not for a missionary whose life was crowded with sterner things. He hastened on to meet the Indian, who turned from his contemplation of distant scenes and looked steadily at Haden Wilson as he came near.

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OUR PROMINENT DEAF PERSONS

IN the present number we give the portraits of two well-known and highly esteemed residents of Philadelphia—Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders.

Mr. Sanders is a Vermonter by birth, but his early life was passed in Salem and Haverhill, Mass. He was born deaf, and as his family was wealthy he was privately educated, his first tutor being Alexander Graham Bell. It was while acting as tutor that Dr. Bell conceived the idea of the telephone, and it was largely through the help of the Sanders's family that he was able to perfect his invention and place it upon the market. After studying under various tutors and making several trips abroad, Mr. Sanders entered the Kendall School and subsequently spent three years at Gallaudet College. After leaving college he was employed by the Volta Bureau, later going to the Rochester school and finally to Mt. Airy to assist in the publication of the *Association Review*, the organ of the Bureau. In 1906 he established a job printing office of his own at Mt. Airy and has since conducted it very



MRS. SANDERS AT HER DESK

William B. Swett, the founder of the Beverly, Mass., School for the Deaf. She was born in New Hampshire, but most of her life was spent in Marablehead and Beverly. Early in childhood her hearing was impaired by an attack of scarlet fever—she was never totally deaf. She attended the public schools, graduating with credit from the Beverly High School in a large class of hearing young people. She taught for several years in the Beverly School and was active in the public and social life of the town. She was married to Mr. Sanders in 1891. She is active in society and in Church work in Philadelphia and is a member of the board of lady managers of the Home for Aged and Blind Deaf at Doylestown. She is a woman of culture, large sympathies and attractive personality. Possessing a fair degree of hearing, using speech with ease and facility and reading the lips with great skill, she is as much at home among the hearing as among the deaf. Her taste for music is marked, and she finds much pleasure in the piano and the opera. Her command of written English is ready and graceful and she has contributed articles to various magazines and



MR. AND MRS. SANDERS AT THE HOME FIRE SIDE.

successfully. Although born deaf, he speaks well and is a good lip-reader. He is very popular in Philadelphia, and his generosity and public spirit are well known and appreciated. His name has been connected with nearly every undertaking in Philadelphia carried forward for the benefit of the deaf. He has served as president of the Clerc Literary Society and as clerk of All Souls' Church, and is a member of the Pennsylvania Society for the

Advancement of the Deaf, the National Fraternal Society and the Gallaudet Club. He is also the publisher of *All Souls' News*. He is particularly fond of horses and is an excellent whip and horseman. One of the achievements of his younger days was the driving of a horse from Washington, D. C., to Haverhill, Mass., without mistaking a road and without mishap of any kind.

Mrs. Sanders is the daughter of the late Wil-

reviews, particularly upon the subject of training young children in speech and lip-reading.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanders have two charming daughters, who resemble their mother in having partially lost their hearing. Their education has been entirely under the direction of their mother and the results do great credit to her judgment, ability and devotion. Mr. and Mrs. Sanders own a beautiful home on Boyer street, Mt. Airy, whose hospitality is proverbial.

CONVENTION REPORT READY

Mr. O. H. Regensburg, Chairman of the Committee on Printing, authorizes the following announcement.

The report of the Proceedings of the Colorado Convention will be ready for distribution January 10.

A charge of 15 cents will be made to all members of the Association for postage and mailing expense.

To non-members the price is 75 cents, including postage.

All members in good standing, i. e., those who

paid their dues to date, in all who were in good standing at the close of the Colorado Convention, are entitled to free copies on payment of 15 cents for postage and mailing.

As Mr. Regensburg is in Chicago, money should be sent to Mrs. O. H. Regensburg, P. O. Box 23, Los Angeles, Cal. Send Money Order. Do not send stamps. Send your full and correct address so that the books will not be lost in the mails.

It is suggested that where several members live in the same place they get together and send the money in a lump sum, with names and addresses of each member.

The book will be the best yet issued by the Association. It is handsomely printed, replete with information, spicy, and worthy of a place in any library, and every member should have a copy. There will be a handsome picture of the Colorado Convention.

School papers please mention the report, so that all may get copies, who are entitled to them.

A number of copies will be sent to public libraries and scientific societies, and to foreign parties interested.

OLOF HANSON.

THE SILENT WORKER



By James H. Cloud, 2606 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THE Volta Review for January contains the address of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell at the meeting of the Speech Association at Providence last summer. The address is a resume of Dr. Bell's well known views concerning the education of the deaf, many of which have the hearty endorsement of both the combined system advocates and the oralists.

Too much stress cannot be put upon what Dr. Bell has to say concerning reading for and by the deaf. We have space for only a few extracts which are especially worthy of reiteration:

"The great hope to my mind in giving language to the deaf is to encourage them in the habit of reading.

"Through reading and reading alone, can you get that repetition of words that is so necessary to enable the deaf child to master the English language.

"A deaf child can read in a couple of hours more words than a hearing child hears in the course of a whole day. Just think of that and what it means to us. It is reading, reading, reading that will give our pupils the mastery of the English language.

"If you look back upon the history of our schools, I think you will recognize the fact that the successful pupils, under any method of instruction, have one and all been great readers, and I begin to suspect that this reading habit may have been more responsible for their success than the particular method of instruction employed in their education.

"In stimulating the reading habit in our pupils, what sort of reading matter is most useful? Much reading is what we want to encourage, and for our purpose quantity is more important than quality. Then we want the language to be presented in colloquial style. We do not wish our pupils to acquire mere book language, but the language of ordinary conversation.

"The books that will be most useful for our purpose are the books that interest hearing children of like age. For older pupils the society novels that ordinary people love to read, and that are not usually to be found in our school libraries, are the very things of all others that would give our pupils the language of every day life.

"If you get a deaf child to curl up in a corner with a book, and read it through at a sitting, you need no longer worry about his advancement in language. A novel absorbed in this way will teach him more language than all the exercises we can give him in the school room.

"In novels we have the language of conversation; questions are asked and answered in a natural way; and this is perhaps the most difficult part of language teaching, to get deaf pupils to ask questions and to answer them, as we do.

"Silent reading should form a regular part of our school exercises. The cultivation of the reading habit should be one of the important aims in the education of the deaf, and this I think, can best be accomplished by setting apart a regular time every day for silent reading upon subjects that would naturally interest the child."

* * *

In this connection we would suggest a "Library Book Commission" to pass upon and recommend to the schools books likely to interest deaf children, especially those in the lower grades, and help them form the reading habit. Most of the books should be colloquial in style as recommended by Dr. Bell. Instead of keeping the books in the school library, to which access may be had only at certain times, it might be well to have a supply in each school room, and pupils allowed and encouraged to do some reading every day, also to take books out of school. The appropriation of a school cannot be better expended than for well selected books periodicals, and pictures for the use of the pupils.

* * *

Farther on in his address Dr. Bell says:

"Let our pupils be taught by the sign language, or the manual alphabet, or any other means, and deny them speech, and what do they get that will be of value to them in communicating with people in real life? One thing, and one thing only—a pencil and a pad."

Dr. Bell errs in his premise consequently his conclusion applies to a purely imaginary situation. No one advocates denying speech to the deaf. The oralists would deny the deaf the sign-language. The ultra oralists would deny them both the sign language and manual alphabet. On the other hand, the combined system advocates, among whom are the educated deaf themselves, would give the deaf speech, the manual alphabet, the sign language, a pencil and a pad, and any other useful aid. Let there be gathered together one hundred or one thousand of the best educated deaf of the United States to-day and it will be found that no fewer than ninety-five

ing the deaf in chapel and at other public gatherings.

It is a means of great social enjoyment to the deaf both during and after their school life. To deprive the deaf of the sign-language would be criminal. As a senseless agitation the opposition to the sign-language is not outclassed by anything in recorded history.

Yours very truly,

JAMES H. CLOUD,
Principal.

THE DEAF POET

Mr. W. L. Bird, a graduate from the College for Deaf-Mutes at Washington, became deaf when seven years of age, after having attended school as a hearing child for one session. Giving the brightest promise of a successful and useful life as a teacher and as a writer, he was suddenly stricken with a mortal disease while still a young man. After his death, ample evidence was discovered amongst his papers to prove that he was a true poet.

The following is a specimen of his verse:—

THE OCEAN.

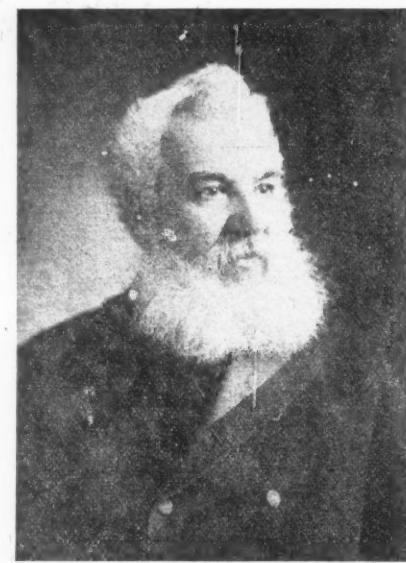
I stand alone
On wave-washed stone
To fathom thine immensity,
With merry glance
Thy wide expanse
Smiles, oh! so brightly upon me.
Art thou my friend, blue, sparkling sea?
With your cool breeze
My brow you ease,
And brush the pain and care away,
Your waves, the white,
With sunny smile,
Around my feet in snowy spray
Of fleecy lightness dance and play.
So light of heart,
So void of art,
Your waves' low laugh is mocking me.
I hear their voice—
"Come, play, rejoice;
Come, be as happy as are we;
Why should you thus happy be?"
Alas! I know
That, deep below
And tangled up in seaweeds, lies,
Where light dares not
Disturb the spot,
He who alone can cheer my eyes,
O sea! why wear this sparkling guise?

MR. BRADY'S ENTERPRISE.

With characteristic fertility of initiative, William A. Brady has raised an issue that is likely to be hugely attractive to the public regarding "The Woman of It," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. At the first representation of this piece, the reviewers were very broadly divided concerning its merits. Some of them like it vastly, while others found it entirely without merit. There was no middle ground, and this fact interested and puzzled the manager, the more so as letters began to arrive in Mr. Brady's offices, nearly all of them from strangers, commanding the play and expressing surprise that it should have elicited adverse comment from any source. Coincident with this state of things, the box office immediately began showing signs of life with such rapidly increasing momentum that by Saturday night all the seats were sold. Mr. Brady is no idle dreamer, and he promptly took adroit managerial advantage of this condition by announcing that any spectator at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre who did not like "The Woman of It" could get his money back. The outcome of this plan is being watched with the keenest interest by other managers, who may find in it a valuable pointer for future consideration. Meanwhile Cyril Scott, Janet Beecher, Josephine Brown, Dallas Anderson and the other members of Mr. Brady's admirably chosen company continue giving a vivid and diverting performance of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy.

The merciful man is merciful to his beast—*St. Roman's Well*.

If you would win life's battles you must be a hard hitter and a poor quitter.—*Selected*.



DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

per cent of them have speech, the manual alphabet, the sign language, a pencil and a pad—all of which they find useful on occasion and none of which would they dispense with.

* * *

In his Providence address Dr. Bell took occasion to administer a well deserved rebuke to many of his hearers in the following words:

"I must say that I think oral teachers are unnecessarily afraid of the manual alphabet. So far as I am concerned I see no objection to any child, deaf or hearing, spelling English words upon his fingers."

The Miss Afraid-of-the-Manual-Alphabet is by far too numerous in the teaching profession. One is too many.

* * *

The *ignis fatuus* of speech exclusively for all the deaf all the time hovers over the slough of despond. A wise teacher with a sincere interest in the deaf—an interest extending beyond the class-room and school days—will avoid going to such an extreme.

* * *

Not long since a prominent educator asked for our written opinion of the sign-language. We complied with the request with alacrity. The letter is not copyrighted and is given below:

GALLAUDET SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,
3435 Henrietta St., St. Louis.

DEAR _____:—In regard to the use of the language of conventional signs by the deaf my emphatic and unqualified opinion, after more than thirty-five years' experience with the language, both in and out of school, is that it unquestionably has a very important and permanent place in the most successful system of deaf-mute instruction.

It is the reverse of being detrimental to the acquisition of speech and lip-reading on the part of the deaf possessed of any special aptitude for success in these branches. It is absolutely indispensable as a rapid, reliable, and satisfactory means of address-

The Western Pennsylvania School

By J C. HOWARD



AS THE SCHOOL LOOKS FROM THE STREET



GIRLS' WING

THE value of advertising is not questioned by progressives of the day. The idea of hiding not thy light under a peck measure is the life and soul of business. Amidst the blare of trumpets and the rattle of drums and the crash of cymbals, to say nothing of the bray of asses and other musical instruments, calling attention to corporate, co-partnership and individual merit as well as the noteworthy accomplishments and efficiency of public officials, it is rather startling to run across a great chunk of real excellence hidden under a hog's head, for no bushel would cover so much of it.

We have heard of Pittsburgh. The name suggests to our minds the glare of molten iron, the mighty worker in the steel foundries, smoke laden air and the rumble and the roar of commerce. For many years we have known that situated somewhere near this roaring metropolis, somewhere within sight of the black pall that overhangs the city, there was a school for the deaf known as The Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf and Dumb. Sure, we know of this school for is not John Addison McIlvaine, Gallaudet '93, one of its shining and illustrious products and did we not chum with him away back in the days of our youth when we were both half baked undergraduates; before he ever dreamed that he would be engaged six times and escape and before coming events had cast the shadow of six young hopefuls across my care-free path. Sure, we knew that somewhere in the mountain region of Western Pennsylvania there was a school for the deaf but we had the idea that it was on some spur track far from the busy marts of trade and the noise and strife of commerce. Situated somewhere in those sylvan dells we expected to find a small school for the deaf

presided over by the gentle person of Mr. Burt and turning out proper little boys like Mr. McIlvaine as was. As to the girls, well all girls are much alike.

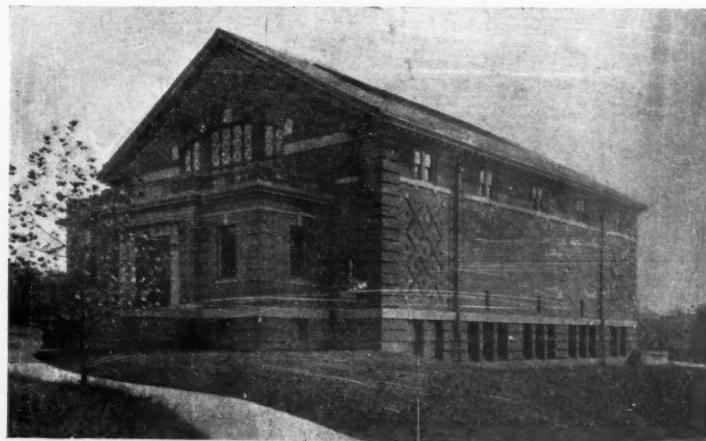
Our ideas as to this school began to be shattered when we hit Philadelphia not long since. We were told that the school was actually in the city of Pittsburgh, that Edgewood Park was a borough of said city and that it was situated on the main line of the Pennsylvania Road about seven miles from the Union Station and, furthermore, that the school itself was in plain sight of the trains as they passed and only three blocks from the station of Edgewood. We had been passing this school for the past twenty-four years and could have hit it with a bisenit at least one hundred different times. We made up our minds to see this school, and accordingly stopped over a day in Pittsburgh.

Arriving at Edgewood the snattering of pre-conceived ideas was so fast that if they had exploded it would have sounded like a machine gun on riot duty. To begin with, the Western Pennsylvania School is one mighty fine school and don't you forget it. Instead of a small school in rural sitting it is one of the largest schools in the country, situated on a commanding site in the City of Pittsburgh overlooking one of the busiest sections in the world and commanding a fine view of rolling mountain scenery. The buildings are of practically fire proof construction, they are truly handsome without an unnecessary ornament or a false line and they are well arranged. There is a fine growth of ivy on some of the older buildings and the trees and shrubbery are very beautiful and show excellent landscape work. Everything about the premises is well kept and the care of the interior is a pleasure to behold. Pittsburgh is a dirty city, smothered in

the smoke of soft coal, so dirty that two collars a day are about right as an average. Of course soot gets in everywhere and after a night in a hotel bed room your nostrils look and feel like a top of two chimneys. Bearing this fact in mind, take off your hats and wait a moment, gentlemen. I arise to say that the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf is the neatest and cleanest school for the deaf that I have seen anywhere and that is saying a whole lot for our schools are generally well kept. Mr. Burt has a class in general painting and decorating. He buys the paint and sets them to work on the school walls and ceilings and puts them to varnishing the floors. This has two good features. It teaches the boys how to do good work, it gives them practical experience in their trade and it keeps the school buildings looking as neat and clean as my lady's band box. It would not be bad for other superintendents to profit by this example. This school has about four hundred pupils and is well equipped to give them the best of instruction. The teachers seem competent and earnest and the energy displayed everywhere about the school is indicative of a systematic application to business on the part of everyone. Mr. Burt has been seen at conventions going about in his mild mannered, unobtrusive and soft spoken way and listening to the bumptious outpourings of inflated superintendents of two by four schools that could be stored away in the cellar of his school at Edgewood and not be missed. They undoubtedly suffer from the notion that this school is a small and insignificant affair. Just to correct such an idea look at the pictures herewith. These pictures were taken by Mr. C. A. Painter, a graduate of Gallaudet College and who is now one of the instructors.



GYMNASIUM



INTERIOR OF GYMNASIUM

THE SILENT WORKER

One would like to unbosom himself and tell of the many fine features of this school; of the beautiful gymnasium and swimming pool and bowling alley, of the fine hospital and of the girls' cottage where real housekeeping and domestic science is taught and of many more interesting things. One would like to go into the history of the school and tell how a deaf man, Mr. Logan, Gallaudet '69, was one of the first Superintendents of this school, tell of the great fire that burned it out some years ago and of the good people who have made the school what it is, but if we have interested our readers in this school we want to leave a little for them to enjoy personally and everyone who passes from the East to the West or the other way about should remember that Pittsburgh is just half way between New York and Chicago and either way one can stop over a day without extra cost and without actual loss of time, for it takes 24 hours to make the trip and one may as well spend two nights on the train as a day and a night. Just get off at the Union Station and take a suburban train from there to Edgewood and you are at the school and can personally inspect one of the finest schools in the country and meet a fine lot of ladies and gentlemen.

— : —
There is a school for the blind in Pittsburgh and our interest in it is in the fact that Thomas S. McAloney, Gallaudet Normal, former Superintendent of a couple of schools for the deaf and all around good fellow and fine gentleman, is at the head of it. What is more, all of his teachers whom we had the pleasure to meet, could talk on their fingers in a way that would put many of our oral teachers to shame. Mr. McAloney is looking fine. He has filled out since his college days and he sports a continuation of the same handsomely curled mustache of days of yore. Call on him when you are in Pittsburgh and you will find a long lost brother or something of that kind. He is all right, is McAloney, and he is the kind of a man who should be at the head of a big school. Some day we hope to see him back with the deaf.

— : —
The Carnegie Institute and Museum and the Churches and unimproved tracts of land owned by Frick are not the only things in Pittsburgh that are worth seeing. When you get to Pittsburgh you want



F. R. GRAY
The well known Lens maker of Pittsburgh, Pa.

to meet up with the deaf citizens of that hamlet. A finer lot of men and women cannot be found. There are seventeen of Gallaudet's old boys and young ladies there. They make some noise, believe me. For real old stagers there are Logan and Gray with a trailing of some of the vintage of 1912. These latter have not had time to mature and ripen but will be all right in the course of ten and fifteen years. There is a crowd of the manliest deaf men I have met anywhere. Their Gallaudet Day meeting, held on the 14th, was one of the most interesting meetings that the writer ever attended. Grimm, Gallaudet '96, opened the fireworks. Speaker after speaker came forward and figuratively made the wakelings ring. They spoke in a sensible and straightforward manner, very much to the point and in clear and

graceful signs. Messrs. Sawhill and McMaster would be two trump cards in any oratorical gathering. Why they are not on the list of speakers who are invited to address societies and conventions is explainable only by the fact that they do not do enough newspaper advertising. Pittsburgh should have a correspondent to every paper published for the deaf. Mr. Sawhill is one of our men who is youthful in spirit of a good many years of usefulness. He has been employed in the iron mills for 36 years but does not look over 40. He is a big man and makes big signs and as clear and expressive as they are large. Mr. MacMaster is one of the early pupils of Hartford. He remembers having met Mrs. T. H. Gallaudet and others of that day. His reminiscences of Old Hartford are so interesting and humorously related that his audience has to watch its eyes half of the time so they will not pop out of their heads and hold their sides the balance of the time so they will not shake to pieces. President Hanson should have Mr. MacMaster as one of his special orators at the next meeting of the N. A. D. He should relate the events of early Hartford as he remembers them and tell of the teachers of early date. There is another fellow in Pittsburgh who is well worth knowing. This is Michael Kornblum who, with his brothers, conducts the finest optician parlors in Pittsburgh. He is the lens maker of the establishment and has made glasses for McKinley, Taft and Roosevelt and other notables. Mr. Kornblum is a fine fellow and fine mixer and seems to know everyone in the city and have the *entre* everywhere. If you want to see the town, get him to show it to you. If you happen to have a scientific turn mind, get Mr. Gray to take you to the establishment where he makes the finest class of optical instruments in the world. A fellow can feel pretty flat sometimes but when Mr. Gray has worked six months, ten hours per day, bringing a ruby to a surface within one one-thousandths of an inch of absolutely flat, he must feel quite round in comparison. There is, on my desk, a scientific writeup of the process and the tests in producing lens of exact measurements down to one one-thousandth of an inch. I am sure it is interesting and was intended to be reproduced here and Mr. Gray assures me it is in simple and narrative style but—well, I do not seem to be built that way. Here is Mr. Gray's portrait, however, and that will help.



MR. BREESE AND HIS MOTOCYCLE

Mr. C. Wesley Breese, who has charge of the photo-engraving department of the Stivers Printing Company, in Middletown, N. Y., sends us the above illustration, engraved by himself, with the following explanation:

"I rode over 3000 miles from April to August of

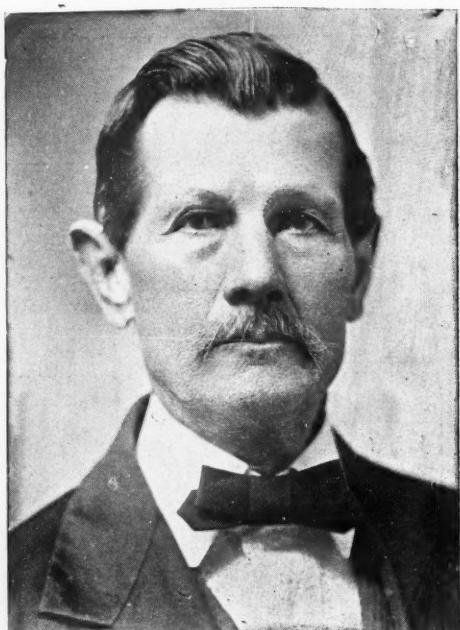
last year when I disposed of it. Chugged down to Asbury Park twice last summer, via Pompton Lakes, Newark and Perth Amboy. Was able to manipulate, without difficulty, the machine through very heavy traffic in the busiest thoroughfare of Newark, which, in my opinion, was certainly remarkable for me being deaf. I never had any mechanical trouble although I well understood the technique of the motor.

AGED DEAFMUTE IS KILLED BY UNKNOWN ASSAILANT

One of the foulest murders ever committed in Spartanburg county, with robbery as a motive for the crime, was brought to light when the dead body of Erasmus D. Smoak, aged 74 years, a deaf-mute, who lived alone at his home about one mile east of Cedar Springs School for the Deaf, was found in a crouching position on the floor of his workshop, a room adjoining his dwelling. He had been shot in the small of the back at close range with a shotgun which was loaded with bird shot, while he was at work preparing plans for a piece of furniture.

Liberal reward has been offered for the capture of the murderer with evidence sufficient to convict, by the governor, the sheriff and Mr. Smoak's children.

Mr. Smoak, born Oct. 11, 1839, was one of the earliest pupils entering S. C. School from Barnwell district Dec. 7, 1850, being the 14th pupil admitted. He married Jane Rogers who died about twenty years ago. From this marriage there were five sons and one daughter. These five sons are all excellent young men doing well in their lines of work.



ERASMIUS D. SMOAK

The funeral services were held Saturday afternoon at the Baptist Church by Rev. W. P. Smith. At the service Supt. Walker made an impressive talk upon the life of the deceased bringing out the fact that he was a devoted father and husband.



By Alexander L. Pach, 935 Broadway New York

THE first Saturday in January witnessed one of the finest social events that New Yorkers have enjoyed for a long time. It was the Ball and Entertainment of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League held at Alhambra Hall, and the attendance was enormous, and it is a long time, too, since so many of the old-timers turned out as they did on this occasion, but the Union League has a very large following and almost everybody goes, a great many who are never seen at any other gatherings of the deaf.

The entertainment part consisted of vaudeville acts by professional talent, but what interested us most were the parts taken up by Miss Marion Ballin, daughter of Mr. Albert Ballin. Her interpretation of the story of Narcissus in Delsartean pantomime was truly graceful. She also danced a polka solo and with two other young ladies gave a Russian Folk Dance that was also fascinating, and this, too, to the accompaniment of piano music by her sister Viola.

The dances by little Miss Edith G. Peters, aged seven, were also most interesting. She presented the Spanish Dance, Irish Jig, Hungarian Dance, Highland Fling and Sailor's Hornpipe.

On Saturday evening, January 18th, New York witnessed one of the finest tributes to an educator of the deaf that ever happened anywhere. The place was the Hotel Earlington, 27th Street, near 6th Avenue, and the occasion was the presentation of a beautiful silver loving cup to Prof. Enoch Henry Currier, Principal of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, and the dinner and presentation followed the efforts of some of his old pupils to show their love for the man who has done so much toward making the New York school the leading one in the whole world. Some months ago Mr. Currier's staff and the pupils celebrated forty years service by Mr. Currier, and the presentation of the cup last Saturday evening was the

tribute of his old pupils. Many who had not been directly under Mr. Currier's instruction were present, and also a number of prominent deaf people from other schools. The hearing guests, besides Mrs. Currier, were Mr. and Mrs. Van Tassell, Principal Walker, of the New Jersey school, Miss Cornelius Porter, who accompanied her parents, Miss Florence Hodgson, Miss Prudence Burchard, Mrs. W. G. Jones and Rev. and Mrs. Elzas.

The following menu was enjoyed:

MENU

Grape Fruit

HORS D'OEUVRES

Thon à Thuiile	Celery	Radishes
POTAGE		
Mock Turtle à l'Anglaise		
POISSON		
Vol au Vent of Crab Meat à la Newburg		
ENTREE		
Mousee of Virginia Ham, Champagne Sauce		
Spinach au jus		
ROTI		
Vermont Turkey, Stuffed with Chestnuts		
Fried Sweet Potatoes	Escarole Salad	
DESSERT		
French Pastry		
Cheese		
Coffee		

The presentation of the cup was made in an appropriate speech by Mr. John F. O'Brien, of the Committee, who also occupied the toast-master's seat with great dignity and unusual oratorical charm and wit. The cup, which was from the Gorham Company, had the usual inscription, and, beside, all the names of the contributors were engraved on it. Mrs. Keiser, wife of the Curate of the St. Ann's, handed the cup to Mr. Currier and Miss Agnes Craig presented a large bunch of cut flowers to Mrs. Currier. Mr. Currier made a touching response, and he was visibly affected by the demonstration of the regard shown for him by his old pupils and friends, but succeeded in delivering a little masterpiece of an address of thanks and appreciation. Addressees followed by many of the Fanwood boys, and best among them were those of Messrs. Fox, Bryan, and Porter.

Others who spoke, were Mr. Walker, of the New Jersey school, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, who has been at Fanwood only a few years less than Mr. Currier has served.

This I should call "one on me."

A firm with whom we have dealings was sending

an important package up, and it was intended for my department. The shippers wanted to make sure there would be no delay called the messenger boy, a new one in their employ, and a typical Bowery boy, and told him that there were several Mr. P---s where he was going with this package, but he was to be sure to take it to the desk of "the Mr. P--- who does not hear." The boy reached the premises all right and in the main office, called out so that all might hear: "Where's that deaf an dum guy?"

A deaf visitor from out of town lately was not met by the friends he expected to be awaiting him, owing to a mix-up on terminals, so after waiting a while, he concluded to locate his friends through the City Directory. Not finding what he wanted, he turned to "Clubs" and found the Union League, and he knew in this big organization he would soon be among acquaintances. The big book told him that the Union League Club is at Fifth Ave. and 39th Street, and not dreaming that there were hearing and deaf clubs of the same name, he went there. The taxi's, the gorgeously attired footman and the richness of the club impressed him that the Union League was some class. However, he soon knew the real facts, for he was told that they had no deaf members, and he must be misinformed.

"Say, Alex, which is it—Hutchinson or Hutchison? It is that dear Roberts of the *Kansas Star* who asks the above. HUTCHISON. Bob, old fel—that is without any n between the i and the s. By the way, old man, curly is wrong. Wavy a bit, but not curly, otherwise you are right."

We often read of the pet animals that are such a source of helplessness to deaf couples, but about the cleverest dog I ever knew of is the King Charles spaniel owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Kane. She is the most knowing four-legged animal I ever came across, and is devoted to Mr. and Mrs. Kane. She has awakened them in time of danger. Not long ago the little dog tried desperately hard to make them pay attention to her at two o'clock in the morning, but both were sleepy and tried to ignore her. She would not be ignored, and from gentle taps, tugging at bed coverings, touching their faces with her paws, and getting no results, she tried her teeth, and the couple soon had lights going to find out what was up. They found out. Their janitor was on the fire escape tapping on the window, with a big sign he had improvised that read;

"DON'T SHOOT"

Water is leaking from your bathroom, down through all the apartments."



DINNER TO ENOCH HENRY CURRIER, M.A., AT THE EARLINGTON, JAN. 18, 1913

THE SILENT WORKER



[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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Vol. XXV. FEBRUARY, 1913 No. 5.

No Tellin'
WE will not boast of the fact that while the Virginia School had 97 children in her hospital we had but two, for a swing of the pendulum may reverse conditions at any time.

A Great Mistake
A LEARNED Rabbi of New York who has had a wide experience with the deaf recently said, in speaking of them, that the curse of their lives is that they leave their schools too young, that they do not take full advantage of their opportunity to get an academic education and a trade, throwing it all away in early-youth for a little wage and freedom from restraint; only to find, later on, that they have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage, and that they have to eke out a miserable existence on a pittance, when they might have attained intelligence, a thorough mastery of a handicraft and comparative luxury for their advancing years. How very true!

Again With Us
OUR little girl who left us in December to be operated upon at the Swedish Hospital of Brooklyn has returned, the doctors having pronounced her case hopeless. This is just what we thought would happen. During our long experience, it has occurred time and again that children have been taken away to be cured, but in no instance has the hearing been restored. A few years ago, a boy was removed from our school and taken to a practitioner in the west who had assured his parents that for the trivial sum of five hundred dollars he would make him hear again, only to be returned in a brief time with no appreciable improvement. Many cases of the kind have come within our experience. In no instance has there been a cure. As we have frequently taken occasion to say, cures of deafness are either exceedingly simple, as

where there is an accumulation of wax in the ear, or quite out of the question, and it is a pity the way parents are led to give up every dollar they have on earth to reach this pot of gold that lies at the foot of the rainbow.

Deserved Honors

IF there was ever a doubt in the mind of Dr. Currier as to the place he held in the estimation of the deaf of the state of New York, it was certainly dispelled on the evening of the 18th. The occasion was a dinner given in his honor at the Hotel Earlington, in New York, and the *propriae persona* were Doctor Currier and a couple of hundred of the flower of the deaf of the Empire State. The massive silver loving cup that was presented to the Doctor was but one of a thousand tokens of the "love and esteem" that were showered upon him during the festivities and if ever a man who has devoted his life to the interests of the deaf had especial occasion to be proud of his work, Dr. Currier was that man.

At his urgent invitation we spent the following day with him at his school, a place that we had not visited for fifteen years, and here, again, we had the fullest evidence of the esteem in which he is held by all around him, and of the efficiency of his work. The complete appointments of his buildings, the immaculate cleanliness everywhere, the perfect discipline, the superb manoeuvres on the campus, the marvellous band, and the high intellectual status of his boys and girls, all attest his deservedness of the cup he received the night before, and, as well, of the splendid tribute to his worth, given him by his Board at the June meeting, which hangs in the niche by his side, upon his dining-room wall.

A Bit of History

THERE is, perhaps, no one living to day better acquainted with the history of our State than Francis Bizley Lee, and there are few of its residents who are not more or less familiar with his writings upon the subject. In the course of his recent delvings he has unearthed a letter dating all the way back to 1822, from Nicholas Willets, of Cape May, to the Hon. Isaac H. Williamson then Governor of the State, bearing in a most interesting way upon the Pennsylvania Institution which had just been established and which was then the only one in the state, and indeed the second in the country.

But the letter of Mr. Lee and Mr. Willets are full of interest to everybody connected with the work of educating the deaf in both states, and we subjoin them herewith:

JOHN P. WALKER, Esq.,
Principal,

MY DEAR MR. WALKER:—I enclose you an interesting letter dated 1822, addressed by Nicholas Willets, famous in his day in lower Cumberland Co. and Cape May Co., to Isaac H. Williamson then Governor of the State of New Jersey. The letter was sent to Elizabeth (now Elizabeth) then the residence of Gov. Williamson. It came into my possession from the Williamson family and as it relates to the situation of the deaf in New Jersey, nearly a century ago, is of some relative value.

I thought a copy would be of interest if printed in your School paper, and if so I should like to have a copy.

If you care for the original pray accept the same with my compliments. Wishing you all prosperity for 1913.

I am yours,

FRANCIS B. LEE,
Trenton, N. J.

CAPE MAY, May 12, 1822.

DEAR SIR:—A man in my neighborhood by the name of Henry Young is in indigent circumstances with a family of children, three of which are perfectly void of the faculty of hearing. And as there is an existing law of our State making provision for such unfortunate and indigent persons—and I am also informed that the establishment in Philadelphia instituted for that express purpose, is amply calculated to accommodate one hundred persons of which at present it has but half that number, and not one of them from New Jersey (at least as State paupers) kept at the public expense.

The three children (the oldest of which is near seventeen) are all apparently of good natural capacity and perhaps as capable of instruction as any other person laboring under like misfortunes.

As it is presumed in such cases the parent or suitable person must be appointed to convey the persons to the institution, as well as to draw funds from the treasury to meet the stated times of installments, I am induced, Sir, to implore your instruction and assistance in the premises.

The requisition of the law respecting a recommendation from the Chosen Freeholders can be had instantly and from many other respectable persons here, if necessary, for its furtherance.

Pursuant to the rules of the institution but one of those would be admitted at present, the two youngest being under twelve years of age.

His parents will be able, or made able, to furnish his clothes which is also among the requirements. Then every necessary is furnished at the expense of the institution for one hundred and sixty dollars, the precise sum specified by our law for each individual.

It appears to me, in looking into the law, that it will be in your power, Sir, to direct some suitable person to convey the oldest one (Seth Young by name) to, and place him in the care of the directors immediately after receiving a recommendation from the Freeholders of Cape May county, if such recommendation should be declaratory of the facts herein stated to be true. I must beg the favor of you, Sir, as soon as may suit your convenience, after the receipt of this, to drop me a line of instruction and I will proceed accordingly.

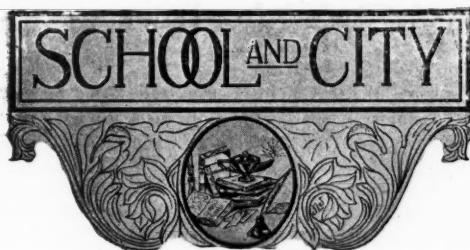
I have, Sir, presumed on your goodness, being fully assured you are ever willing to extend the hand of charity to the needy as well as faithfully to the dictates of duty.

A line to me, directed to Port Elizabeth, will come immediately to hand, the receipt of which from you in health will give me pleasure and will confer a favor on your friend most faithfully.

NICHOLAS WILLETS.

I. H. WILLIAMSON, Esq.

The Pennsylvania School had only just been opened, when this letter was written. Its buildings were low two-story structures upon a town lot at Broad and Pine in Philadelphia, and it contained but fifty children. To-day its three main buildings are worth a quarter of a million apiece, its grounds consist of sixty-two acres, the total value of buildings and grounds is a million and a half, and there are between five and six hundred children under instruction in its various departments.



The term half over.

St. Valentines next.

Busy days at the State House.

How did you do in your exams?

It seems more like May than February.

The semi-annual examinations are being held.

We now have a well-nigh perfect reference library.

A window in State St. is already full of straw hats.

We are most glad to have our line of magazines back.

Our moving picture machine is our greatest pleasure.

Just to think, we are giving the nation a President.

Mrs. Higgins and her little daughter were visitors last week.

George Brede has become one of our most efficient pressmen.

John Reed writes that he has a good position in Philadelphia.

Some of our larger girls expect to vote for the next Chief Executive.

Frank Penrose writes that he is doing well and that his wages are good.

Harriet Alexander has a new sister. Her brother was married just before Christmas.

Quite a few of our old boys and girls are planning to be with us on Washington's birthday.

Our half-tone boys will soon be able to produce their pictures by the wet-plate process.

Recent letters from De Witt Staats indicate that he is doing well at farming in Florida.

Muriel Bloodgood was a visitor last week, and appeared to be in excellent health and spirits.

Our basket ball team is holding its own in the City League, being now in the fourth place.

Isaac Lowe, Carmine Pace and Samuel Eber are all working in the same factory in Newark.

The brothers of Esther Woelper and Hazel Gundersman are down with the measles at their homes.

Clara Van Sickie was appointed a monitor the first of the year. She is doing nicely in her work.

Our basketball fans are watching the race between Reading and De Neri with great interest.

Mary Sommers visited Annie Meyer at Skillman, last Saturday and reports having had a very pleasant day.

Anna Robinson's father is seriously sick in the hospital, and Anna has not been able to return to school yet.

Francis Phalon, Mamie Gessner, Maude Thompson and Adela Silverman exchanged visits during Christmas week.

Charles Dobbin's father has gone to Florida. Perhaps he will bring Charles a baby alligator when he returns.

Theodore Eggert was a visitor last week. He is now a full fledged farmer, and can talk "crops" to you like a veteran.

One of the surprises of the Yuletide to Ruth was the wedding of her sister Viola which took place on the 28th of December.

The masons are now at work on the third floor of our new building. There have been very few days, thus far, cold enough to stop the work.

Andrew Dziak has gotten work in the Greenwood Pottery. Andrew is too young to leave school, but he is with a good firm and may turn out all right.

After a careful study of the make-up of the various clubs of the American League, our boys say that New York is bound to win the pennant this year.

Bennie Abrams is working at present in his father's store, though he expect, as soon as he can be spared, to take a position in some printing establishment.

Jimmy Squirrel appears to have run all the gauntlets that have menaced him, after all; for he trotted into the grounds on Thursday, "as well and hearty as ever."

We already have enough applications from boys to fill our new building, if all are received, and it will not be more than another year ere we shall need more room.

Walter Hadden is still quite ill. He was removed to the Municipal Hospital a couple of weeks ago, but while having every comfort there, he has made but little improvement.

The boys in the carpentering department are taking a special course in mechanical drawing this year, and find that it is going to be a great help to them in their work.

Quite a number of the boys have wheels, at present, and the girls are going to have one of the old ones in the basement fitted up for their use, as soon as the weather gets nice.

Johnny MacNee says in a recent journal: "I love my mother and I always honor her, trying to be good and honest at all times." Johnny will surely get along, if he persists in this way of thinking.

Arthur Blake did not return to school after the Christmas holidays. He got a good position while at home and, if he can hold it, will not be back at all. Arthur was an exemplary pupil, and deserves success.

There has been little snow this winter, and only one of the children, as far as we are aware, can boast of a sleigh-ride. Clara Van Sickie was the fortunate one, and even she had an upset before she got home.

The boys and girls have all returned from their Christmas holiday with commendable promptitude. Only one boy lost his place. Even he will lose but five months, as there probably will be room for him in the fall.

Martha Iverson, of Silver Edge, is the last addition to our list of pupils. She arrived on the 22nd. She did not know what to make of the situation for a day or two, but is perfectly at home now, and seems very happy amidst her new surroundings.

Oreste Palmieri is not altogether certain that he will work at his trade of cabinet making, when he leaves school. He has been thinking seriously of farming, of late, and if his brother-in-law takes up land in Oregon, as he now fully intends to, it is quite possible that Oreste will go out and join him there, one of these days.

In addition to our moving pictures on Saturday evening, we had nearly a hundred set pictures of scenes in various parts of the United States. They were loaned us by Mr. [redacted] who promises us another set when we need them. The moving pictures were of unusual excellence, and the whole entertainment was a fine one.

The floors of our new hall are being made of hollow tile and concrete re-inforced with iron-rods, and are entirely fire-proof. The mystery is what makes them so strong with so little to support them. They look as if they would fall in by their own weight, and yet they are guaranteed to support six hundred and fifty pounds to the square foot.

A little grand-niece of Mr Walker, by the name of Margaret Jones, is attending the Comegys School in Philadelphia. Just before the election, last fall, her class was given an exercise in letter-writing, in which each one was to address some dignitary they had heard of.

The day after the Presidential election, Margaret made a practical application of her lesson and mailed a letter to Mr. Wilson, congratulating him upon his success. You can conceive of her surprise, a few days later, upon receiving the following reply from the President:-

No. 88 W. STATE ST., TRENTON, N. J.

November 13, 1912.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND:—I cannot tell you what gratification it gives me that you should think of me. Your letter has given me a great deal of genuine pleasure, and I hope that as the years go by you will continue to feel that I am the sort of man you would like to support and keep as your friend.

Cordially and faithfully yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

To Margaret Jones,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer, of All Souls' Church, Philadelphia, held his usual monthly service for the deaf of Trenton and vicinity on the 26th. He was induced to remain over night in order to be present at the reception given in his honor by Miss Mary Wood and some of the ladies of the Parish of Trinity Church. There were about thirty present. After a little entertainment by a post-card projection the guests were served ice cream and cake. The purpose of the reception was to stimulate a more active interest in the religious welfare of the deaf.

HONOR ROLL

Marion Apgar.	Josephine Kulikowski.
Marion Bausman.	Lillian Leaming.
John Bernhardt.	May Lotz.
Jessie Casterline.	John MacNee.
Gustino de Amicis.	Cathryn Malone.
Vito Dondiego.	Louis Otten.
Carl Droste.	Oreste Palmieri.
James Dunning.	Lorraine Pease.
James Durling.	Margaret Renton.
William Felts.	Annie Savko.
Mamie Gessner.	Goldie Sheppard.
Roy Hapward.	John Short.
Pearla Harris.	Paul Tarbutton.
Sarah Hartman.	Joseph Whalen.
Mildred Henemier.	Elton Williams.
Joseph Higgins.	Esther Woelper.
Gottfried Kreutler.	Pearla Zoltock.

FROM THE OLD WORLD



HAVE promised to send every month to this magazine a letter dealing with facts concerning the deaf, which happens on this side of the ocean. This is my very first letter. I wish to begin by sending a cordial greeting to each and all of my deaf American readers. I hope they will find as much pleasure and interest in perusing my monthly letters, as I do in writing these letters for them, and to contribute, in this way, towards extending the bounds of comprehension, sympathy and affection, uniting, all the world over, our great silent universal family.

* * * * *

The last weeks of 1912 have seen a sort of postscript to the brilliant fetes of the Abbe de l'Epee's Bi-Centenary. It was in November that our great benefactor was born; so every year, from the second part of October to the last November days, in most great towns of France where there are societies of the deaf, or associations of silent alumni, is organized a festivity in honor of the Abbe de l'Epee.

Last year, these festivities were celebrated in such grandeur as to deserve being called a jubilee. They were held in more than twenty different towns, such as Limoges, Marseilles, Cannes, Le Puy, Lyons, Nantes, Orleans, Rousen, Dijon, Chartres, Poitiers, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Rheims, etc.

Nearly all have incorporated in the programme, a religious service given in a parish Roman Catholic Church, or in the private chapel of the school for the deaf, presided over by a Bishop or Canon and interpreted by one of the priests that devote themselves to our cause; a supper or banquet where have abounded refined meals, good wines, and eloquent addresses; a meeting with recitations, moving pictures, tombola, etc.

Among all these fetes, one of the most successful ones was probably the one of Rheims (Marne) given by the Association of the Deaf of the Champagne; this Association is very rich and very flourishing; it possesses a Club for the Deaf, located in a private building, the first one, I believe, that was created in France. Its president is Mr. Mercier, one of the creators of the famous champagne wine "Mercier freres;" he is deaf and dumb, married to a hearing lady. Very devoted to his unhappy brethren, he deserved to be named at the Fetes, by the Abbe Goislot—"the worthy continuator of de l'Epee." The banquet numbered 187 guests, and was presided over by a delegate of the Minister of the Interior. In one of the addresses delivered at this dinner, sympathetic allusions were made to the honor recently conferred on Edward Miner Gallaudet by the French Government.

Another well-managed Fete was the one of Chartres (Eure et Loir) which was at the same time the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Deaf Association of that region.

At this feast, a hearing physician well-known for his interest in the cause of the silent ones spoke of a friend of the deaf nearly unknown till now.

It is the Abbe Ferrand, a priest of Chartres, who lived in the eighteenth century. Being very charitable he gave up all he possessed for the relief of the poor. About the year 1782, he had opened at his own expense, a free school for girls, and had adjoined to it a class for the education of some deaf girls in whom he was interested. He created a method of teaching the young. He even composed for them a dictionary of signs.

The dictionary of the humble priest of Chartres was in manuscript form, and for years and years it was supposed to have been lost. Only fifteen years ago it was discovered, and now it is safe in the public Library of Chartres. Perhaps its place would be better in the Universal Library of the Deaf at the National Institution in Paris, where over seven thousand books—many of them unique—and priceless manuscripts are treasured!

Unfortunately the Revolution destroyed the work

of the Abbe Ferrand,—as it nearly destroyed the work of the Abbe de l'Epee. The new counsel of the town refused to maintain the clerical school. The Abbe Ferrand was obliged to leave France, his properties were sold as emigrant properties. When he returned to France, in 1804, he was penniless and lived for some years in deep poverty, dying in Chartres in 1815, aged 84 years.

Of course this story left the unique glory of the Abbe de l'Epee undimmed, but now we can add, in



STATUE OF ABBÉ DE L'ÉPÉE

our grateful hearts, to the names of those who have loved us, and have sacrificed themselves to us, one name more,—the name of the Abbe Ferrand. If his work has not equalled that of the Abbe de l'Epee probably he was as good and generous at heart as the great apostle that 1912 has exalted.

The picture accompanying this article represents the statue of the Abbe de l'Epee in Versailles where, on August 4th, an enthusiastic crowd of several thousand deaf-mutes paid him touching honors. In a moment, the pedestal disappeared under loads of flowers and wreaths of every kind, and by flags of different nations the societies of deaf-mutes had offered. One of the foreign delegates, Prince Henry Constantin Ghica, of Roumania, knelt down before the statue to lay his flag upon it.

In the background of the view is the Cathedral St. Louis; there, on the same day, a pompous religious service was held, a very touching address was delivered by Monseigneur Lemonnier, formerly Chaplain of the Deaf of Rouen, but now Bishop of Bayeux, in Normandy. As he is a splendid sign-maker, he spoke entirely by gestures,—even without using the manual alphabet! A very fascinating personality, His Grace found a kindly word to say to every one he met during this memorable day. Pointing to a little flag of the United States one of the assistants wore in his button-hole, he signed to him: "You are American? I am pleased to see you. America is a grand and beautiful country. God bless it."

* * * * *

It was a pleasant surprise to me,—and I am sure, to other members of our International Correspondent Club,—to get from Miss Edgar the October issue of the *Ohio Chronicle* sympathetically mentioning it, and a little later on, the November copy of the *SILENT WORKER* in which Mrs. Long's alert

pen gave a sketch of it. So our baby Club, scarcely born and even not yet christened, (we discuss a name for it) is destined to become illustrious! I have not yet received the second budget of letters,—the distances between us are so great!—but I can already truly say how glad I am,—and the other members are too, surely,—to have entered this friendly little circle. Mrs. Muir's idea will add to our lives new interests, new sympathies, new riches, for our minds and the hearts!

This club brings to me the realization of the earnest wish of my younger days. I remember, when I was sixteen, to have written to the talented English Poetess, the popular purveyor of Christmas cards, Miss Helen Marion Burnside, who was the only eminent person I knew at this time who was deaf and dumb. With the quiet audacity of this age, (I smile at it now because I am just twice as old!) I proposed that we start a friendly correspondence Club "for cultured but lonely deaf!" Though she answered very kindly to my letter, she did not echo my wish; she had no time, she said. As a consequence, I gave up, but sixteen years have elapsed, and now the long-hoped-for club is alive! Long life for it.

I wonder if it is the first effort of this kind in our silent world, and if many, many others would not get both profit and pleasure by creating between themselves similar circles. The system of letters sent in rotation eliminates the work and fatigue by allowing each person to receive and read several letters when writing only one; and specially for the silent ones, scattered in various places, so often "strangers in a strange land," how precious this friendly bond would be! It is easy to start it, even without searching foreign countries, between former pupils of the same school, or, between former pupils of different schools, between persons of the same literary or artistic tastes, exercising the same profession or trade in different states, and so on.

I knew how deep is the longing we sometimes feel for social intercourse,—how deeper and deeper still is our need to be useful to our brothers and sisters in affliction, to comfort, cheer and help them. There is a way opened to the weaker, to the more lonely of us. Do enter in it, dear readers, and may your future little clubs in various places afford you as much joy as our International correspondence Club is affording us.

* * * * *

We have, some weeks since, left the lovely Touraine, the "Garden of France," the land of the royal castles, and our big home there, and we are, my dear mother and I, quietly settled in a cosy little flat in Le Mans, a town very big, but not at all interesting in Western France, on the border of Brittany and Normandy, and three hours from Paris, on the line of Versailles.

Here, I have more leisure than I had formerly and at last realize another desire of my youth. It is to edit an illustrated little paper for the deaf girls and women in the French language. We have nothing of the sort yet.

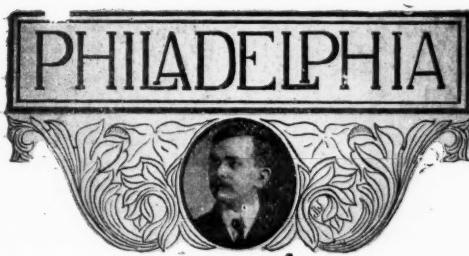
The first issue will appear in January, 1913. The title "La Petite Silencieuse" which means "The Little Silent Girl," and is intended for girls. If all goes well, I hope to publish this little magazine once every two months. The spirit will be Christian, non-sectarian, and as bright as possible! The annual subscription will be one franc—twenty cents,—for foreign countries. Thanks to a devoted friend who has offered to Braille them, copies in relief, intended for deaf-blind readers, can be subscribed for at the same price.

It would be a pleasure to me to send free a specimen copy to my lady readers able to read French; ask for them, if you can, on a post card representing Schools or Homes for the Deaf. I collect them!

And now, my New World readers, good bye till next month!

6 rue Hemens, Le Mans, France.

YVONNE PITROS.



By James S. Reider, 1538N. Dover St.

AN effort is being made to prevent the probate of the will of Mrs. Mary Hamilton Rocap, of whom we gave a short sketch in the previous issue, and who left an estate of \$43,000. The will bequeaths her estate in trust for the benefit of her only surviving son, Frank P. Rocap, and his children and, after them, their issue. Bequests of \$500, each to All Souls' Church for the Deaf and the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown are made; in both cases the money is to be for the endowment funds. Some minor bequests to relatives are also made. The estate is eventually to revert to the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf and to All Souls' Church for the Deaf.

By a caveat which the son had filed, he alleges that by reason of his mother's misfortune and the fact that she possessed little education, she did not fully realize the contents of the will when she signed it.

The probating of the will was begun on January, 9th, and continued. Only one deaf person, Miss Louisa W. Geiger, has been examined so far. The case is being watched with a great deal of interest by the local deaf.

The excavations for the foundation of the new buildings for the All Souls' Church for the Deaf are now well underway. By this it will be known that work has been actually started. The weather may compel a cessation of work for some time, but the contract requires that the work shall be finished in about two hundred working days, so we may expect the buildings finished as far as the money on hand goes by next August or before the Fall. Pilgrimage to the scene of the building operations are being made weekly or oftener by our deaf who are interested.

Our cousins of New York know that it gives us perennial delight to refer to that puffed up city as the "Hoss-car Town," but we have not yet made public our reason for doing so, and, lest there be a big gap in history after we "lay down and fold our hands for the last time," we may well do so now. Here is the secret. Twenty or twenty-five years ago we made the acquaintance of a gentleman, a real estate broker, from Pueblo, Colorado, while on a visit here. One day we were riding together out to Germantown on a horse-car when the gentleman remarked all of a sudden that he was greatly surprised to find only horse-cars in such a large city as Philadelphia when Pueblo, a much smaller place, had long since discarded them and had only electric cars. We were thus mutually surprised, we perhaps the more. We could not forget it. After Philadelphia had caught up with the times, we thought it still more strange that New York, the largest city in America, clung tenaciously to the old mode of public conveyance on some of its lines. In that respect New York surely beat Slowtown, hence the title "Hoss-car Town." And to understand better what we meant by it, the reader is referred to either Matthew 7:5; or Luke 6:42, passages in the Holy Writ.

The deaf should be careful of the company they keep, for now and then we come across instances

of misplaced confidence like the one we subjoin below:—

Unconscious and with blood flowing from several wounds of the head, John Hendrickson, 27 years old, a mute, of 3528 Wharton street, was found at Second and Mifflin streets early yesterday morning.

The man was taken to Mt. Sinai Hospital, where physicians say he is suffering from a fractured skull. Special Policemen Keys and McCullough, of the Fourth street and Snyder avenue station, obtained a description of two men from the mute by the means of paper and pencil. He told them that he had been attacked and robbed of \$10. Keys and McCullough last night arrested John McCaffrey, 32 years old, of Howard street and Snyder avenue, and William Griffin, 22 years old, of Water and Mifflin streets, on suspicion of being the man's assailants.

Mrs. Nancy Moore and her companion, Mrs. Mabel Wilson, of Toronto, Ont., are visiting us again and have been here for quite a while.

We had the privilege and pleasure of attending the dedication of St. Ann's new Guild House in New York on December 8th, and were entertained by the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. John Chamberlain. The new building is not only "a thing of beauty" but ought to be "a joy forever." Certainly the New York deaf of the Episcopal Faith and others interested are to be congratulated upon having and owning such a fine Church home.

Within a month's time the hand of death removed from this earth, three well-known deaf of Pennsylvania. First, Mrs. Mary H. Rocap, of this city, departed on December 14th, 1912, aged 75 years; on December 28, 1912, Charles T. Bradbury, of Allentown, passed away, aged a little over 43 years, and, on January 4th, 1913, Mrs. Adeline Rebecca Lanier, of York, died at the age of 73 years. All three had attended the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Other deaths were Mr. and Mrs. James H. Bennett, also graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution. The former died on Christmas Day, aged 76 years, and the latter followed about a day later, aged 75 years. The Rev. C. O. Dantzer officiated at all the funerals except that of Mrs. Lanier, and he told the writer that he had never conducted so many funerals in one month's time before.

On Thursday, January 2nd, before the Clerc Literary Association, Messrs. A. McGhee and Geo. T. Sanders debated the old stereotyped question—*Resolved*, That capital punishment should be abolished in the United States. The affirmative side won, according to the judges. No matter which way the decision had gone, we think the time would have been better spent in discussing some more live topic. There are a great many subjects, political, religious, and social, in which our deaf lack information and whose timely discussion should prove both instructive and beneficial to them. Therefore, they should be chosen in preference to such as the one discussed.

The old All Souls' Church on Franklin Street has been sold conditionally to the Lithuanian Lutheran Congregation for \$8,000, which includes the pews. They now use the Church on Sunday morning and Wednesday evening, while the deaf use it at the same times as heretofore until the new building is ready for occupancy.

Miss Edith Ball, of Wilmington, Del., and a graduate of the Mt. Airy School, has been attending the Wilmington High School and expects to graduate this year. She is a credit to her School and the Oral Method of Instruction. Although she has met with some good success by oral instruction, she does not frown upon the sign-language when its use is most convenient and she is already quite proficient with it.

Philadelphia Division No. 30, N. F. S. D., holds meetings once a month like most other divisions and the whole evening is usually consumed in the trans-

action of business, leaving no time for sociability unless the members chose to remain late. The meetings could be made less monotonous by prompt attendance, close attention to the despatch of business and the allotment of a little time, for social enjoyment. It is up to the members first to do their part, and then the officers can provide the rest. Let us take the hint.

At the last meeting of the above Division the following officers were installed for the present term:

President—William L. Davis.

Vice-President—Patrick O'Brien.

Secretary—James F. Brady.

Treasurer—Harry E. Stevens.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Frank J. Hanley.

Trustees—Messrs. W. L. Davis and J. F. Brady.

Mr. D. Ellis Lit, another creditable product of the Oral Method, has just returned from a visit abroad and on Thursday evening, January 16th, gave an interesting account of his experiences. He used the sign-language, of course, to do it.

Judging by the number of times the stereopticon is brought into use at the meetings in All Souls' Hall, it is a most valuable and enjoyable medium for illustrating lectures. It has more than paid for its cost already. The apparatus of All Souls' Church has attachments for post-card projections and thus can be used oftener at only the cost of power for operating.

The calls upon the Episcopal deaf and their friends here were never so many as at present. The reasons for it is easy to guess. We are building a new church and parish house and not all of the money needed has been raised. The deaf people are expected to do their share of the work of raising the money and their activities show that they are doing it. Within about two months they have raised \$288.25. It occurs to us that it would not only be meet but a proper show of the missionary spirit if all the Episcopal Missions of the country assisted All Souls' Mission by a contribution to the Building Fund on the eve of the consummation of its project. These contributions need not be large, but whatever the Missions feel able to give, so that it can be said that they also gave of their little towards the building of the Church. All Souls' Church has long been a center of usefulness to the deaf, and, surely, it deserves the encouragement of the deaf of the Church in America. The Rev. Mr. Dantzer has never thought to appeal to outside Missions for such aid, and *this suggestion is made wholly upon our own responsibility*. The new Church, (not a Parish House) is to be a memorial to the late Rev. Henry Winter Syle, the first ordained deaf Priest of America. His ordination virtually opened the door to the Priesthood for the deaf in America, and the suggestion therefore seems all the more proper.

An enjoyable theatrical entertainment was given at All Souls' Hall for the benefit of the new church Building Fund on Sunday evening, January 18th. The first play was entitled "Aunt Samantha's Surprise Party," and the second, a laughable burlesque, "The Suffragette's Husband or 'What is a Home without a Rolling-Pin.'" Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett was stage director.

The Men's Club, of the All Souls' Church held its annual banquet at the Central Y. M. C. A., on Tuesday evening, January 21st. We may have something to say about it in our next letter, as this was written in advance of the event.

Sweetening friendship is a lifetime undertaking.—C. E. Huband.

Avoid the evil and it will avoid thee.—Gaelic Proverb.

"ERNSTOGRAPH'S"

BY ERNST

MY subject for this issue will be "Why Deaf Printers Fail to Make Good." It has been stated again and again in our school papers that printing is one of the best trades for the deaf. In these days it is true only if the trade has been well mastered in all branches. I have been working at the trade in Chicago for the past ten years; know nearly all the deaf compositors; the kind of work they do; have interviewed several employers and am therefore in a position to speak frankly on the subject.

Before the introduction of typesetting machines thousands of men made a good living at hand composition setting newspapers, books and magazines. Among them were a good many deaf men who left school a quarter of a century or more ago, and who consequently were not taught job composition to any extent. These found themselves badly handicapped when thrown out of employment because no employer could afford to hire them as "job compositors" when they possessed a mere smattering of a knowledge of this branch of work. Those who left school within the past fifteen years are better prepared to compete for employment at printing because, as a rule, they have received more or less training in job work. Such as have not belong to the same handicapped class above mentioned, and meet with much discouragement and ill success in the battle for jobs. A good deal depends on the school where they were educated; if the school has a live up-to-date instructor in printing who makes it a point to give his pupils thorough instruction in all grades of job work the graduates have no difficulty in securing permanent employment at good wages.

In cities of 50,000 population and upward competition in the printing business is so keen that employers sometimes require their foremen to engage only first-class job men who are quick at composition and the arrangement of type, and who display good taste in the getting up of a job. Good job printing is really the work of an artist, the difference being that one uses a rule and a composing stick and the other a brush and a palette. In several large plants of Chicago they have a time ticket attached to every job given to a compositor, and he is expected to have the work set within the specified time limit. A like ticket is attached to the proofs given to compositors for correction. Undoubtedly such a system prevails in other large cities. The computation of time is done by an expert printer, and it will at once be apparent that only compositors of superior qualifications and above the average speed can succeed in holding a position in such a place, and no deaf-mute was ever known to succeed.

In looking over the papers for the deaf I frequently read that Mr. So and So is doing well as a printer in some small city, which proves what I have always contended, that small cities are better for the deaf compositor than large ones. If the same deaf printers who are doing so well where they are should strike such places as New York, Chicago, St. Louis or Los Angeles and seek employment as job compositors they might have a hard time in finding one, because what would pass as a good job in a small city might fail to satisfy in a metropolitan printing plant. In a modern print shop of from six to one hundred compositors there are usually three classes of workmen, viz: (1) The General Job Composer, (2) The Special Composer, (3) the General Worker.

The first class of workmen must know all kinds of job work, and frequently must also know how to make up pages and to lock forms for the press. They receive the highest wages, from \$22.50 to \$26 per week. The second class do a special kind of work only and when it runs out are laid off either temporarily or indefinitely; or they are given special

work for a time. The third class set small jobs, reprints, make easy corrections and do other simple work. They are the least valuable of compositors.

In Chicago there are 30 deaf printers known to me. They were educated at different schools and come from various states. Only four are general job compositors; 17 are special compositors and 9 are general workers. The special compositors do railway tariff work, correct galley and page proofs, distribute type, and set special jobs and ads with directions. Some of them are members of the Union and receive the scale. Most of them receive from \$15 to \$21 per week. Of the four mutes employed as general job compositors one gets \$24.00 per week. He is head of the poster department and has been with the same company 30 years. Chicago has eight deaf Union compositors.

I recently received a letter from a large printing firm in a southern city which has for a number of years been employing several deaf compositors. It stated they had at present four deaf-mutes and that they found them "of average ability." Two of them are always employed on railway tariff work and the other two on general work. This has led me to believe conditions are pretty much the same all over the United States.

Now every one who has read this article so far naturally wishes to know why there are so few general job printers among the deaf. It can be told in a nutshell. It is the fault of the foremen at our state schools for the deaf. Some of them are old fogies who have been kept in their positions for many years because of their friendship with the Superintendent, or by reason of political influence.

Others are behind the times as to styles and improvements in the printing industry, and still others are lacking in enthusiasm for turning out first-class workmen. As a result we have many deaf compositors who do not know enough of their trade to be considered desirable workmen.

The remedy? I will not only state *what* should be done but *how* to do it, so that in the future there need be no excuse for turning out incompetents.

First—Teach plain, fancy, ruled, and unruled job work. Explain all that the pupil should know about each and be sure that he does neat work in the right way. Have the pupils set from printed copies at first and later from original copies with written instructions as to size and style.

Second—Teach different kinds of catalog work. Write to some firm for a copy of their catalog to be used as a lesson. Get a number of square and oblong wooden blocks from the cabinet shop to be used in place of cuts. Have pupils set from original copies after they have been sufficiently advanced with printed ones.

Third—Teach tabular work from reprints at first and later from originals. Also teach how to lock up pages for the press.

It does seem rather queer that more time and attention is given our pupils in the literary department than in the industrial department. It is more necessary to know how to *do* things than to be able to read, write and cipher. I know some deaf workmen who can hardly compose a decent sentence and yet they command twice the wages earned by many "polished" deaf men engaged in genteel occupations. Last December the *Chicago Tribune* published the address of a well known business man who has charge of a bread and coffee wagon" after business hours for the unemployed in winter. He stated that he had at that time 17,000 men who were unable to secure work of any kind largely because of lack of a trade, and that among them were many college graduates of famous colleges.

I have stated that those of our deaf who left school within the past 15 years were taught job work (or should have been) and that they are doing well. I shall now mention the names of two former

Chicagoans who are making good. One is Charles B. Deem, now foreman of the Scholl-Andre Printing Co., Parkersburg, W. Va. It is the best job office in that city and he has ten men under him, most of whom can use either the single or double hand alphabet. Mr. Deem is only 27 years old but must be a A 1 printer to hold his position; he also understands and supervises all press work. His salary is \$30 per week, and the school at Romney, West Virginia, claims him as her boy.

Another former Chicagoan who has ventured upon the uncertain sea of journalism is Frank Philpott, who was educated at the Ohio School. He worked in the composing room of Rand-McNally & Co. for seven or eight years and then quit, removing to the home town of his wife's people in Clendenin, West Virginia. Two years ago he began the publication of the *Clendenin News* in opposition to the *Herald* of the same place, and is still running it. He is apparently making a success judging from the liberal amount of advertising contracts he gets. He is a good job man. Let us have more of our deaf printers branch out like the two cases just mentioned; such examples do more than anything else to cause the hearing public to form a just appreciation of us as a class. I have refrained from naming schools which turn out good compositors because it would be both unfair and uncalled for. I am fully aware that instructors of printing cannot always have what they want in the way of supplies, and the rush of work and other unexpected occurrences sometimes greatly interfere with their regular system of instruction. But the point insisted upon is that much better instruction in printing is demanded at the present day, and that 75 per cent of it should be in job work of some kind.

...
The prediction is made that there will be two new superintendents of schools for the deaf after January as a result of the great Democratic victory. One is a pronounced pure oralist and the other is noted for his habit of keeping himself aloof from the deaf, caring only for fattening himself and his family at the public crib. We presume influence will be brought to bear on the new governors to retain them, and we are curious to see if one of the two will have the nerve to ask the deaf to help him as he did a few years ago.

...
Our deafness has become second nature to most of us—perhaps. But we little realize with what apparent honor some people view such an affliction. I know a dressmaker who sews for fashionable families. She is hard of hearing, though not so bad yet as to require extra hard speaking. So sensitive is she that she forbids any one to wave their hand at her, or to stamp their feet on the floor to attract her attention. She was incensed because the members of a certain family were guilty of this sin and refused to sew there any more! If she becomes totally deaf we wonder how she will get along.

"Speech is given man to conceal his thoughts." —Tallyrand.

In the good old days before they were anathema signs were used by man to express his thoughts. The following editorial from *Ephpheta* for December gives hope for the return of the good old days:

Now that the philologists are investigating a sign-language with a view of substituting it for Esperanto and Volapuk as a universal means of communication, it would be a rare opportunity for the masters of the picturesque and expressive language of the deaf to unite their efforts and present this excellent system in its most attractive and graceful form.

The philologists should be referred to the N. A. D. or vice versa, whichever way may prove more convenient and effective. It is certainly worth while.

The Moments When We See Clearly

"In union lies strength."—*A. R. Spear.*

"The local societies will receive a stimulus, the state associations will be strengthened, and the National Federation will be welded into one powerful body, the wheels revolving in rhythmic smoothness and perfect unity. The officers of the Federation need only give instructions to the officers of the societies, and the lower officers in turn report to the higher officers."—*O. H. Regensburg.*

"It has long been conceded that the N. A. D., as at present conducted, is at best a heterogeneous and ever fluctuating organization; that it is weak where it should be strong; that it lacks coherency where it should be united; largely local where it should be national."—*Dr. Fox.*

"Finally we should not forget that we have here an opportunity of performing for the American deaf a service which will be of lasting and far reaching importance, and with this thought to stimulate us, let us all put the best that is within us in the work."—*G. W. Veditz.*

"I am not entirely opposed to the Federation since some form of it may be desirable and even necessary."—*J. S. Reider.*

"In 1889 Mr. Olof Hanson, of Minnesota, discussed favorably the federation question"—*R. M. Ziegler.*

"Some plan of reorganization can be formulated whereby the state associations can be united under a general representation at National conventions, thus doing away with local preponderance."—*Dr. Smith.*

"Greater power and effectiveness because of greater numbers."—*G. W. Veditz.*

"A juster distribution of voting privilege and an elimination of the preponderance of the local element."—*G. W. Veditz.*

"A real union of American deaf which will place them in a position to make a resolute and united stand in all matters where their welfare is concerned—educational, industrial, social, political or otherwise."—*G. W. Veditz.*

"Yes, the interests of the deaf which the Federation seeks to advance, are in general, similar or germane, to those which our societies profess to advance and protect."—*Rev. Allabough.*

"It has been suggested that a circular form of application be sent out by the Secretary of the N. A. D. This is an excellent idea, but it has been tried by Mr. Morrow from 1890 to 1907, and also by J. L. Smith from 1889 to 1904, but not much good was accomplished. Why not try the Federation plan?"—*Rev. Allabough.*

"Personally I am most emphatically for federation."—*Rev. Allabough.*

"This is the age of expansion, and we should not be isolated"—*Rev. Allabough.*

"No society will even be a 'branch' that owes its existence to the pleasure of the Executive Committee of the Federation. Each society will be a sovereign body that agrees with kindred bodies to put national affairs in the hands of a central government and support it."—*Zeno.*

"Organize societies everywhere, for we need every one of you. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder clear over the continent."—*Zeno.*

"It is as a member of the Committee on Federation who believes what is worth having is worth working for, that I seek to arouse the deaf. As to the desirability of a closer union, *per se*, there can be no doubt whatever. This age is one of dual expansion and concentration of energy and *L'Union fait la force*. It is trite but none the less true that with a people, as with the individual, they are what they make of themselves—strong or weak."—*Dr. Fox.*

"The objects of the state associations are similar in a greater or less degree. As they all strive for the same interests, they would all alike profit by joining the Federation."—*Dr. Fox.*

"We have an opportunity to perform a service that will be of lasting and far-reaching importance, and with this thought to stimulate us, we should give

what aid and countenance we can to this project for the affiliation of all state associations."—*Dr. Fox.*

"The N. A. D. is not truly national in its composition. This is one of the things we hope to remedy by a Federation."—*Miss Barrett.*

"There is a balance of power in every department of the Federation, one part doing what another can not. There is variety, yet unity, and every part is made to feel that on its good work, the success of the whole depends. This is better than the present crowded, confused and unsatisfactory machinery of the N. A. D., by which the president does every thing, from accepting a gavel made of the wood of a historical tree to placing a photographing privilege."—*Zeno.*

"You may argue with me that the term *Association* is not etymologically as comprehensible as *Federation*."—*Zeno.*

"We do not pay expenses of delegates to any convention of the N. A. D., neither is it contemplated in the Federation plan that such an outlay should be compulsory. That matter is foreign to the Federation, each society retaining its sovereignty and the sole right to say whether it would be represented or not."—*Zeno.*

"The whole secret is in getting as large a number of members as possible and that is why the Federation should be organized on as broad, democratic and progressive a basis as possible. It is one principle of economics that the greater the number of inhabitants of a country, the less the per capita taxation" —*Zeno.*

"A little more of the insistant push and unremitting effort would help along the project of a federation on one good plan or another."—*E. A. Hodgson.*

"I have always been in favor of united action on the part of the deaf, and have always opposed the local domination of the deaf."—*E. A. Hodgson.*

"We have every reason to congratulate the deaf of the country upon the progress made and the increasing importance of each succeeding convention. But there is still room for improvement, and, as a measure of vital value, I would suggest a more perfectly and truly *national* organization."—*E. A. Hodgson.*

"One of the foremost educators of the deaf had once said that the problems of life will eventually have to be solved by the deaf themselves. One of them is the question whether they have intelligence and foresight enough to unite in a federation so extensive in its scope as to be everywhere watchful of the sinuous trail of oral diplomacy, so rich in its means as to be able to combat all species of organized imposture or legalized imposition, so unafraid in its attitude as to stand unabashed before the bar of law whenever our rights, no matter how insignificant, are jeopardized."—*Zeno.*

"The most glorious act of the American deaf will be when they consent to unite in an all-comprehensive and all-reaching Federation."—*Zeno.*

"To quote De Tocqueville: 'the cure for ills of democracy is more democracy.' The cure for the ills of the N. A. D. is more democracy, and the only democracy is to be found in a Federation."—*Zeno.*

"Deaf-mute societies are so many lights that, if scattered, cast feeble rays. Bring them together, and they glow with a steadiness and intensity of a Rotegan light."—*Zeno.*

"Let the scores of others yet to be heard from get busy. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Minnesota, Maryland, Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky, all the rest of you, what are your state associations for? Get up and get to work. Act at once! Awake! Arise! or be forever fallen!"—*G. W. Veditz.*

"The first thing that Federation has to do, is to get the biggest membership list possible, for then the Federation will get the biggest revenue and the biggest means for exerting influences."—*Zeno.*

"When certain members of the Federation Committee favored a change of name to the 'National Federation of the Deaf,' I secured a transcript of the statute in regard to incorporation and ascertained that the change could be effected at the expense of a little time, a little ink and fifty cents."—*G. W. Veditz.*

"Politics has entered the N. A. D. Times have changed. Men now seek the office."—*J. S. Long.*

"If they are sincere, then isn't it about time now that they put us wise to their Federation plan?"—*A Quad.*

"Give the association a federation organization, and we shall in time see the realization of the details of Mr. Spear's plan—permanent headquarters, salaried officers giving their entire time to the affairs of the federation; an organ of its own, and an aggressive campaign with agents in every state, which will undo the process of miseducating the public now carried on by the oralomolochists."—*G. W. Veditz.*

"In order to do any effective work, we must have money. To get the money we need more members."—*O. Hanson.*

"We deaf have little money, but we are many in numbers and united in purpose. There are 60,000 deaf in the country. We should have at least 2000 members at once, then we would be in a position to do effective work."—*O. Hanson.*

"Give us the money and we will do the work. We cannot make brick without straw."—*O. Hanson.*

"California's bold initiative in launching the long delayed Federation, is all right and worthy of the highest commendation."—*M. L. Keener.*

"Unless a more expansive spirit is shown, the N. A. D. is doomed."—*E. A. Hodgson.*

"These two essentials for federation—numerical strength and a financial fitness—certainly should have the call over incidental business, as they are jointly the real basis for future progress and effectiveness."—*E. A. Hodgson.*

"What is needed among the deaf is organization—Union of Forces. With proper effort there should be an organization of from 2500 to 5000, and when we want anything and show a solid front of that number, who will say that our demands will not receive a fair hearing at least? Organize, unite forces. *Union of Forces is the secret.*"—*W. S. Root.*

"We are with Tilden in the cause of federation as an abstract proposition, but we do not agree to the suggestion that the N. A. D. be ignored."—*E. A. Hodgson.*

"No thoughtful student of the history and work of the N. A. D. thus far can fail to conclude that the N. A. D. is not so strong as it might be, that it is not doing the work it could do. It lacks permanency and solidarity of membership. It is too largely controlled by local influences. It is to be hoped that some plan of reorganization can be formulated whereby the various state associations can be united under a general constitution. Such a union would be productive of strength."—*J. L. Smith.*

"Federation of the Deaf is sure to come in time. Think of the potent influences of ten or fifteen thousand deaf-mutes working as a unit for the common good. That is what Federation will accomplish, and Federation is knocking at our door."—*E. A. Hodgson at N. Y. convention.*

"Until we are thus strengthened then and only then would our state associations become worthy of a valuable adjunct to the great Federation of the Deaf which will become a powerful factor in increasing the power and prestige of the organized deaf of the entire country."—*Maynard.*

"I believe that the federation of the state associations, each coming in with a nominal per capita tax, would offer the best and most practicable machinery, and would much more truly and accurately deserve to be designated as a national organization of the American deaf, than any union of individuals as under present arrangements."—*G. W. Veditz.*

"The most recent controversialists, instead of going forward, advocate a backward step by proposing to open membership to anybody—I mean to individuals only. What difference this offers from the present cumbersome organization except in name, I have yet to learn."—*O. H. Regensburg.*

"The question of federation or reorganization is receiving much attention. It is a knotty problem, but I believe that there is enough brains among our deaf to solve it."—*O. Hanson.*

THE SILENT WORKER

"It does not hurt the state associations but would help them."—*O. Hanson.*

"And, now, after all these years, we behold the N. A. D a weak, unstable affair, with no more permanency, power or influence than it had the day it was struck off by the hands of the founders. We behold school after school slowly crowding back the sign language, while masking under the thin disguise of friendship for the combined method, the N. A. D are the while stading aside weak, unstable and unable to exert concentrated, persistent and permanent effort to expose fraud, deceit and hypocrisy."

—*A. R. Spear.*

"After having a surfeit of a good time, the deaf go home and promptly forget all about the N. A. D. Through the federation of the state associations and the federation of local societies, the members of which meeting in their respective cities and towns, interest in the National Federation will be continually fostered and kept alive."—*O. H. Regensbprg.*

"From the first the founders of the N. A. D. have never been satisfied as to its composition and character. All feel that it was more of a local and less of a national organization, that its conventions are colored more than they should be, by the soil on which they were held. The fundamental idea of making the Association a great national federation, instead of a fluctuating union of individuals, should be preserved. The convention has it within its power to transform the Association from the bantling that it has so far been, to a giant possessed of virile vigor and the ability to dare and accomplish things worthy of the national organization."—*G. W. Vediz.*

DOUGLAS TILDEN,
Acting President A. F. S.

Celebrates His Seventy-Fifth Birthday

EVERETT, Aug. 8—Alden Fletcher Osgood, who as a boy of 13 and 14, was presented to the Legislatures of Massachusetts and of Connecticut to demonstrate the possibilities of educating deaf-mute children, today reached his 75th birthday. Mr. Osgood is in splendid health, with a tall, straight figure, and is unusually vigorous and active. He is very well read, is something of a writer and a traveller and has all the courtesy of old school breeding.

Mr. Osgood was born in Westford, Aug. 8, 1837, a deaf-mute baby, with normal parents and a normal sister. His father, who was a blacksmith and carpenter, died when the boy was five years old. Then the mother took the boy and his sister and went to Natick, where she supported herself and her children by binding shoes, in the days before the invention of the sewing machine.

When the little boy was running around at home a deaf-mute man taught him to talk with his hands and wrote out the name of every object the youngster picked up. Soon the two friends could communicate freely with each other, and young Osgood could make himself understood by his family and friends.

In 1847, when ten years old, his mother, with the advice of those in whom she had confidence did the daring thing of sending her little deaf-mute child away from home to Hartford, where Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet had opened the first school in this country for such children.

By the time the boy was 14 years old he was taken before the Massachusetts Legislature to show to those who had the power to appropriate funds that such an appropriation would work out to the advantage of boys and girls who could not receive education as normal children in the public schools. His success in reading and writing, and in the other intellectual tests to which he was put, proved a very powerful argument and went far toward securing money for the furtherance of the education of deaf-mute children in Massachusetts.

His work was so well done and created such an interest that he was next asked to appear before the Legislature of the State of Connecticut, in 1851.

Two years later he left school and returned to his mother's home in Natick. She in the meantime had married a Methodist minister. The boy went to work on a farm, where he continued for 25 years.

After the death of his stepfather in 1878, Mr. Osgood learned the trade of leather cutter and worked in Natick, Boston, Ashland and Hudson for more than 30 years. Then he retired and became a life boarder at the New England Home for Deaf Mutes in this city.

It was during Civil War days that Mr. Osgood had the most exciting times of his life. As a fellow-townsman of Henry Wilson, afterward Vice President of the United States, Mr. Osgood had an opportunity to become familiar with the whole process of organizing a regiment and getting it to the front.

A brother-in-law became first lieutenant of Co. 1 of the 13th Massachusetts Regiment, of which Henry Wilson became colonel in 1861. During the next four years Mr. Osgood made many trips to Washington and to the Army of the Potomac. His recollections of those days he has written out and they have been placed among the valuable books in the Everett Public Library.

While in Washington Mr. Osgood visited the big college for deaf mutes at Kendall Green, conducted by Edward Gallaudet, son of the man who established the first school to which Mr. Osgood had been sent as a boy.

He visited the War Department and received a pass down the Potomac to visit the army under Gen. Grant. Later he went to see Gen. Nelson A. Miles at Fortress Monroe.

"I was introduced to the members of the general's staff," says Mr. Osgood, "and after dinner the general sent a sergeant to show me all around. On the way we met Jefferson Davis, walking with four armed soldiers, he in the middle. He looked care-worn and sad. He walked up and down the ham-part with his usual exercise and then sat down on his favorite bench and looked away off the broad Atlantic. He was not allowed to speak to the soldiers who were with him nor they to him. After a while he went back to his prison. I had a fine view of him. He was not handcuffed, as some stories have it."

Mr. Osgood returned to Natick at the close of the war. The following Summer he began his travels over the country, going that year to Saratoga Springs, to Niagara Falls and through that region.

In 1866 he again visited the South, and with his cousin rode over the battlefields of the first and second battles of Bull Run. Of this visit he says: "We picked up pieces of shells, pieces of Confederate and Union flags, rifles, etc. We put them into our saddle bags and I took mine home and gave them to the Historical Association of Natick."

Mr. Osgood has visited Mt. Vernon, the home of Washington, several times. The man in charge of the gardens there was for many years his close friend, and presented Mr. Osgood with slips and roots of great value from trees and shrubs about the place. During Gen. Grant's fatal illness Mr. Osgood was staying near his home at Mt. McGregor, and used to see the general, whom he visited in war times, every day on his porch.

Mr. Osgood has always traveled during the Summer, and found his deafness and inability to speak no drawback to having an immensely good time. He remembers with much delight a visit to the Mammoth Cave. He knows the West very thoroughly and has friends scattered all over the country.

Nowadays he is enjoying his garden, and he has beaten all his neighbors this year in getting his vegetables ready for the table ahead of them. When he is not working in his garden he is reading. He is a well-known visitor at the Everett Public Library. He is especially fond of books of travel, while autobiographies and lives of prominent people are his second choice.

Never a word of regret has been received from Mr. Osgood regarding his affliction. He says: "I never regret my deafness. God knew best why he

gave me deafness and lack of speech. I feel very thankful for His precious blessings. I feel so happy in my life with good friends who try to please me so well."

Mr. Osgood is a communicant and attendant at Trinity Church, where they have regular services each Sunday for deaf and dumb people.

"Me Love Jesus"

(Continued from Page 84.)

"Hello, Jim," the missionary said, extending his hand, which was clasped warmly by Miller. Continuing to hold the young man's hand, he said: "Me want to be baptized."

This statement greatly surprised young Wilson. He was also perplexed, since he could not communicate with the man before him.

"Others be baptized; me want be baptized."

The missionary's perplexity grew, but suddenly remembering that Miller could understand to a degree the movements of the lips, he gently placed one hand on his shoulder, and touching his lips with the other, said: "Do you love Jesus?"

"Me do," came a ready response, and placing one hand on the breast the Indian continued, "Me love Jesus." Moving his hand from his breast to his eyes, covering them, he said, "Blind." Then waving his hand toward the west, he exclaimed, "Now me see."

To the missionary these signs and words meant "I was blind, but now I see."

The young man was greatly moved at what he discovered, and standing close to Jim in the gathering twilight, he said slowly: "I will baptize you."

The Indian indicated clearly that he understood, and again placing his hand on his breast, said: "Heap good, heap good."—From "Haden Wilson: Missionary."

"Dummy" Keys One of Advertiser Favorites

No more loyal and efficient printer is connected with *The Advertiser's* composing rooms than John F. Keys, affectionately known in *The Advertiser* office as "Dummy" Keys. In addition he is one of the oldest men, in point of service, on the paper. At *The Advertiser* dinner at the Gay-Teague January 1, "Dummy" was there, as usual. He could not respond to his toast, but he addressed the following note to Major Screws, editor of *The Advertiser*, with whom he has been intimately associated for practically a quarter of a century:

"MAJOR SCREWS:—I wish to say that I am happy because we (yourself, Mr. Glass and I) have not missed a banquet given in eleven years."

"Dummy" has attended every banquet given by the employees to Major Screws and Mr. Glass.

So far as *The Advertiser* knows, Mr. Keys is the only deaf and dumb man in the United States who can operate a complicated labor-saving linotype machine. While deaf-mutes are known to make excellent printers, in the general sense of word, they are usually unable to run a typesetting machine, because such operators must necessarily depend largely upon their sense of hearing so that the various clicks and significant sounds of the machine may be detected. But "Dummy" Keys is a successful operator, depending only upon his sense of sight and touch. Moreover his work is confined largely to the setting of *The Advertiser's* headlines. He knows by sight when his line is "full." *Advertiser* headlines are famous for their artistic designs and balance and while the operator does not design the headline, upon him rests much of the responsibility of balancing the lines.

Everybody on *The Advertiser* is "Dummy Key's friend. It could not be otherwise.—Montgomery Advertiser.

[There are a good many successful deaf operators scattered all over the country. New Jersey alone has four.—PUB. WORKER.]

CLIPPINGS

BY J. L. JOHNSON

Every boy in this nation must be taught to work, and to desire to work, and in the degree in which the home neglects this part of his education, the school must, whether it would or not, take it up and carry it to completion. And so in the future the problem of the teacher will not be a mere problem of instruction; it will be the infinitely large problem of making men and women capable of doing their share of the world's work in the best possible way.—*Western Pennsylvanian*.

The World's Congress of the deaf in France last summer, was made up of deaf people from all over the world. The one resolution that carried with both enthusiasm and unanimity was the one declaring for the combined system. The men and women in this congress were adult deaf. They were educated people—people whose intellectual attainments place them on a level with the average of any congress of the hearing that might be assembled. They were capable of forming a judgment both from "the law and the evidence." They had been educated in their respective countries under the various systems prevailing there. They know what they want and ought to have and how to obtain it. And this is how they put it: *Resolved, That we believe the best system for the education of all deaf-mutes to be a combination of speech, writing, spelling, and signs—all methods that have proved useful for their benefit, and which comprise the Combined System.*—*Silent Hoosier.*

The Minnesota school is reveling in the possession of a moving-picture machine. It is now some time since the pioneer move in this direction was taken and since several of the schools for the deaf have been provided with machines. There is, practically speaking, no limit to the possibilities that lie in the path of the line of endeavor. As an educational factor the moving picture machine is destined to stand well at the front in the coming generation. Mr. Edison already has a large number of his employees—and he has them by the hundreds—at work on plans which he believes will revolutionize public school educational methods. Before his plans are carried to completion he expects to have expended several hundred thousand dollars in preparatory work. If there lies such vast possibilities at the door of the public school it cannot well be denied that they also lie at the threshold of the school for the deaf.

In the latter institutions the pupils depend far more on the eye than do the hearing children. The eye is the door to the imagination—the door through which impressions must gain entrance.—*Illinois Advance.*

The New Jersey School has a complete outfit for motion-picture, Projectoscope and Stereoptican work, and wants to be counted in on that "institution circuit."

For more than twenty years we have been in the homes and formed the acquaintance of hundreds of deaf people and their relatives, and have, therefore, had a pretty fair opportunity of studying conditions surrounding them, and to learn the effect that certain influences may have upon their lives.

Of course there can hardly be any worse condition of affairs than to find illiterate parents absolutely refusing to part with a deaf child that he may be sent to a school, giving excuses too frivolous to mention. Such cases, however, in this day and time are becoming more and more rare. Compulsory education is the only remedy, and if law-makers were school teachers, or vice versa, it would be but a little while before every state in the Union would have this most necessary statute.

The next worst condition, and one too frequent in certain parts of the country, is the imposition of "Quack Doctor," or "Quack Specialists." It is most astounding to know how they can play upon the feelings and prejudices, "of some parents. We mention "prejudices," because one of the first things some "Doctors" do is to get the parents prejudiced against the special schools for the deaf—it's necessary for them to do so, for if the child once gets to school, they lose a very valuable asset.

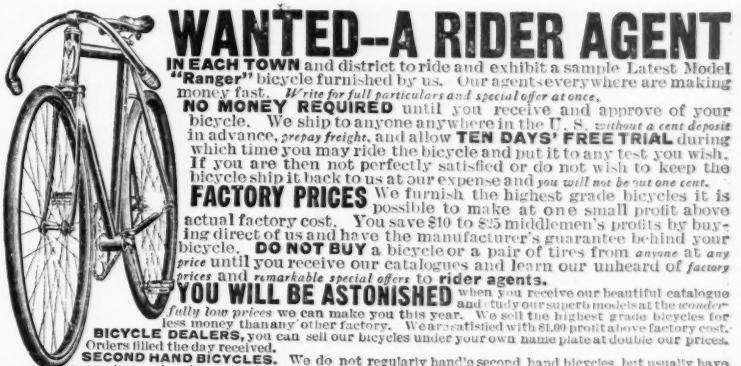
Their remedies usually cover a certain period of time—say nine months, and then renewed, if results are not satisfactory. I know of a bright boy about fourteen years old who has been kept out of school for three years through the advice of a "quack." Yet, the parents insist that the hearing will be completely restored. Such faith! If they would have only one-tenth as much in the schools and would sacrifice as much, how much more they might get in return.

The "Quacks" are not only ones that interfere with the education of the deaf. Frequently you will find that real expert specialists—reputable ones—are giving advice or using their influence in such a way as to keep the child from school for a period of years, at least. A child may have some hearing, yet not enough to attend a public school, and should be in a special school. What do we hear the special ist of his home town advising nine times out of ten? "Keep the child at home—there is a possibility of his hearing improving as he grows older."

Consequently the child is kept at home until he is almost too old to be sent to school, and often his hearing is none the better, and his education neglected. The parents do not seem to realize that the special treatment for the ear can continue on just as well while the child is at school as it can at home, especially is such the case in this particular section of the country where a few hours ride will bring the child to any specialist the parents may choose. And, if the hearing should continue to improve, certainly no one at the school would try to retard its development.

It was less than a month ago that we had to deal with a case in which the specialist, after due examination and treatment, frankly told the parents that nothing further could be done then, and the best thing was for them to send the child—five years old—to school; that examinations could be made during vacations and on holiday times and as the child grew older, if there seemed to be occasion for it, he could treat and, if necessary, operate, but not now. That was simple, sound advice. The child is in school learning rapidly.

It seems to us that, if the National Association of the Deaf and all other organizations of the profession would take hold of this matter, much benefit would be derived. Make the "Quack Doctor" and "Quack Remedies" flee as the N. A. D. made the impostors clear out. The *Virginia Guide* of



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recent date speaks out in clear tones in regard to Quack Remedies, excerpts of which we give. The *Guide* says:

There are no greater frauds perpetrated upon suffering humanity than the deceptions practiced through the sale of patent medicines. The majority of them are absolutely worthless and many are harmful and dangerous, but it is astonishing how many people will dose themselves on advertised nostrums rather than take medicine from a reputable physician. They will diagnose their own ease and ignorantly take remedies for one ailment when they may be suffering from another. A drowning man will catch at a straw and victims of chronic disease will persist in taking one patent remedy after another, in the faint hope of hitting upon something that will effect a cure. Mountebanks make a specialty of these hopeless cases because they afford the surest of income. There is no class of people more easily imposed upon than the deaf, and this fact being well known, there are all sorts of advertised remedies and mechanical devices to restore or impove the hearing. The only reliable method of treatment for deafness known to medical science are prescribed and practiced by graduate specialists, and yet many a deaf person whose case is pronounced hopeless by expert aurists will not hesitate to take treatment from a quack.

We have spent many years in intimate association with deaf, and we have never known one to be benefitted in the slightest degree by the use of artificial ear drums, and of all other devices to aid the hearing none is better and few as good as the old-fashioned ear trumpet or rubber tube.

We are glad to see that Congress has taken a step toward checking a wide and growing system of cruel fraud, and we hope that in time all loop holes of the law may be effectually closed, and that the conscienceless horde of charlatans that prey upon the sick and afflicted may be driven out of business.—*Rome, N.Y. Register.*



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The Emperor of Japan has ordered a large school for the deaf to be built at Osaka, Japan. He has given \$250,000 of his own money to erect the building.—*California News.*

THE SILENT WORKER

The O. W. L. S. Again

EDITOR SILENT WORKER:—The January number of the SILENT WORKER contains some statements on the founding of the O. W. L. S. by Mrs. J. H. Cloud, the leading one of which I quote: "Mrs. May Martin Stafford was the founder and first president of the O. W. L. S."

This statement is a mistake. Mrs. Stafford entered College at the age of twenty-five, after she had been a pupil at the Fanwood School for twelve or thirteen years. In point of years and experience she had the advantage of the other girls in college with her. She was my good friend, and her sweetness and unselfishness, added to her brilliance, made her popular with all. In the founding of the O. W. L. S. her help and advice were much appreciated. At the preliminary meetings, before the society had any name or constitution, she presided as chairman and took a leading part in all discussions and in making suggestions. But these meetings were participated in by all and each question was decided by motion and vote. There was a beautiful harmony and co-operation on the part of all the girls. It would be the height of injustice to give to one the honor due to all. The O. W. L. S. is a Society formed during the college year of 1891-92 by all the girls together because they believed the time for organization was ripe.

Mrs. Cloud also asserts that the O. W. L. S. was founded during the first term of 1891-92. All the preliminary steps were certainly taken during the latter part of the first term. By the time these steps were completed, and constitution and name adopted, the term was practically at an end, and the election of officers whose names were given in the December SILENT WORKER were for the second term. Prior to this there was no election. Mrs. Mary Martin Stafford was never president of the O. W. L. S. as long as I remained a student. I believe it was during the college year of 1893-94 that she served her first term in that office, as she had then reached the Junior Class.

I have already produced in the December SILENT WORKER two accounts of the organization of the O. W. L. S., written by different and reliable correspondents, who received their information from the girls at this time. If the facts as Mrs. Cloud and not as I have stated, I respectfully invite her to produce proof other than her unsupported word. If indeed my memories and recollection of twenty-one years, supported by printed records of the same age, are all wrong. I am naturally slow to believe it without indisputable proof. I ask that whoever has the first record book will produce it, so that the matter may be settled by official record.

Very sincerely,
AGATHA TIEGEL HANSON.

Precious Moments

BY CLARA A. MILLER

Precious moments, child are they
Now that speed from sun till sun
Swift, O swift, we're whirled along,
And, 'ere we know, our day is done.

Then grasp the moments as they pass,
Let none with horrid sin be fraught,
Fill every hour with goodly deed,
And every day with blessed thought.

So when the day of parting comes,
And when you lay life's burden down,
T'will be to enter Heavenly joys,
And wear a glorious lasting crown.

Granted Divorce

In the Neligh, Neb., District court on September 3rd last Mrs. Belle Wall was granted a divorce from her husband John, the Court giving Mrs. Wall the custody of her two children. They are living in Neligh with Mrs. Wall's sister, wife of Ex-Senator Hatfield.

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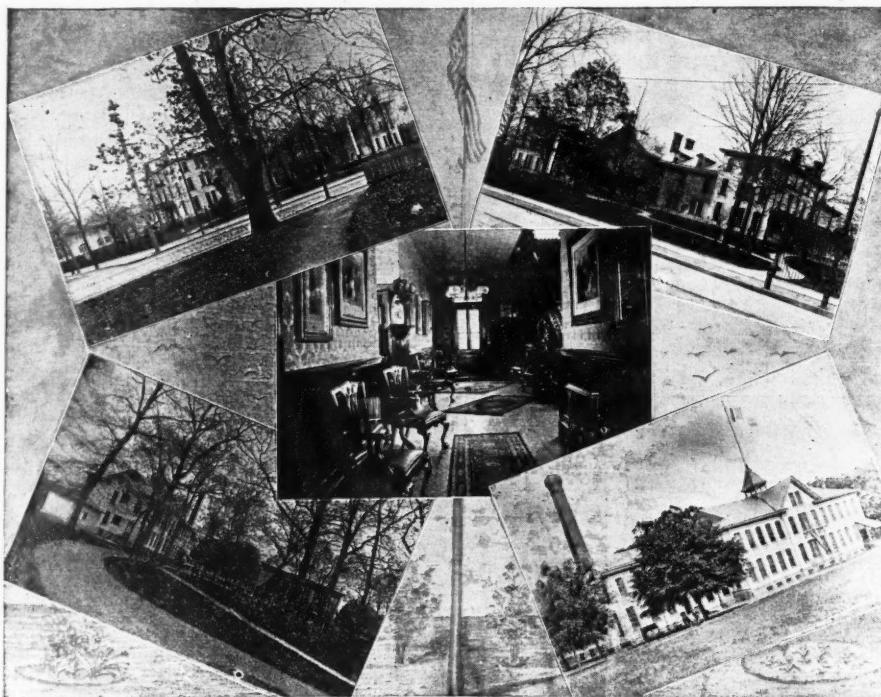
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